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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

VOL. 18 APRIL 1985 NO. 4

Norman Podhoretz, Christopher Hitchens, Gary Hart, Richard Brookhiser, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Maurice Cranston, Robert L. Bartley, Joseph A. Califano, Jr., Victor Navasky, Robert D. Novak, et al:
Whither Liberalism?

The Unjust World of Bernhard Goetz
by William Tucker

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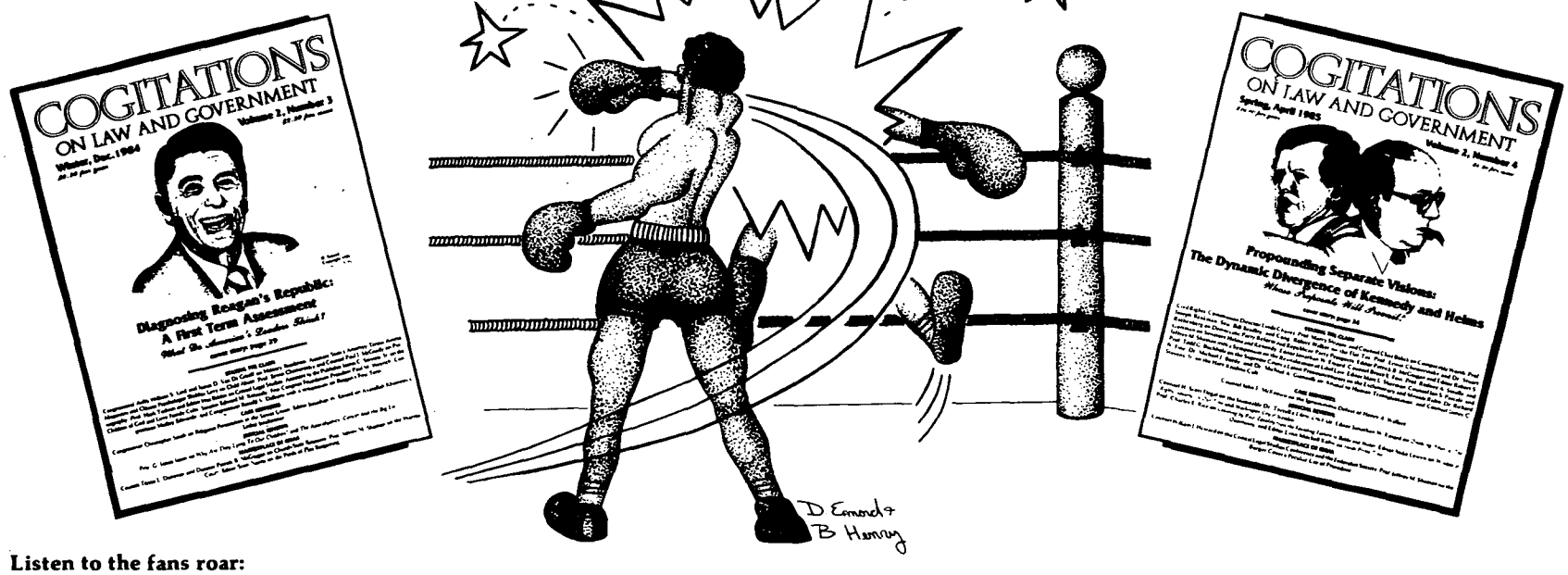

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Volume 18, Number 4, April 1985
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The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name. *The American Spectator* is now published monthly at 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana. Second class postage paid at Bloomington, Indiana, and additional mailing offices.

A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $21, outside the United States $25. Foreign airmail rates sent on request. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402. (812) 334-2715. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. U.S.A. newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributor, Inc., 111 Eighth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

ISSN 0148-8414. Published remarkably without regard to sex, lifestyle, race, color, creed, physical handicap, or national origin.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: The American Spectator, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402 (see form on Classfied page).

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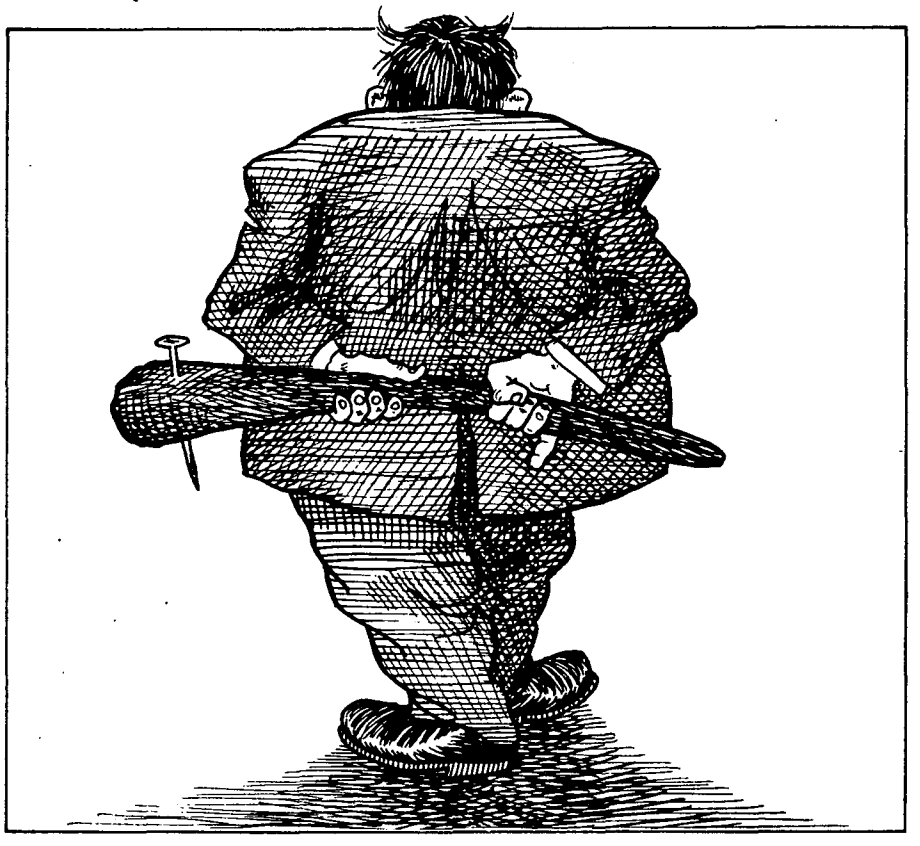
THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• January is long gone, and February is now a dodo too, but something vast and inscrutable is at work. Over these two months the political ground has been shifting beneath our feet. The morbid preoccupations that have dominated our public discourse are losing their fascination. A growing sense of possibilities is in the air. Naturally the shanty intelligentsia of the left-wing faculties carry on wherever their roots run deep, but increasingly it is apparent to lively minds that these patheticos reside in a land where the events of the late 1960s endlessly replay themselves. For them it is always 1968; only the bags beneath their eyes continue to fill. Very few are aware that abroad in the land, even in the media, there is a growing sense that maybe Ronald Reagan and his friends are plausible, even benign.

• February was a bountiful month for the Zaccaro family. Mr. John Zaccaro and his lovely wife Geraldine Ferraro renewed their wedding vows, and despite Miss Ferraro's electoral rebuff in the fall elections, the family's oft-repeated desire to embark upon public service apparently cannot be thwarted. Mr. Zaccaro has been sentenced to 150 hours of it for his personal involvement in a real-estate con. Meanwhile on Capitol Hill where the House Ethics Committee recently found Congresswoman Ferraro guilty but innocent, moral colossuses such as Senator Howard Metzenbaum, the parking lot tycoon, found Attorney General-designate Edwin Meese innocent but guilty. They successfully blocked his confirmation until February 23, a Saturday when a lot of the senatorial fellows like to sleep in and wear water bottles on their fat pates.

• A letter carrier in Springfield, Oregon got into hot water for spraying dog repellent in the face of a menacing five-year-old boy. President Reagan decided to pass up a West German ceremony marking the Allied victory over Nazism. The Federal Election Commission demanded a refund from ex-Senator George McGovern's campaign upon discovering that this champion of the sponger had himself sponged a $50,000 salary from his 1984 presidential campaign. And South Korea suffered a double public relations disaster. First its soldiers mistook a dolphin for a North Korean spy and shot it. Then its security forces gave dissident South Korean Kim Dae Jung and a celebrity cast of American humanitarians the jolly-what-for as they deplaned at Seoul airport.

• Miss Sandy Pollack, a Communist Party USA stalwart who died in a plane crash over Cuba, was eulogized at Riverside Church in New York City, where the Rev. William Sloane Coffin relieved himself of such vapors as "Sandy did not believe in God, but God believed in Sandy." She was a lifelong pest, a credulous dupe of such flumdiddle as the class struggle, and one who doubtless would not have been pleased on February 20 when Chinese Communist party leader Mr. Hu Yaobang made bold to say in a published speech that his countrymen had "wasted twenty years" in "radical leftist nonsense." In London, admirers of the music of Edward Elgar were distraught when the *Times* printed a theretofore unknown picture of the deceased composer's lost love, Miss Helen Jesse Weaver. Miss Weaver looks like a female guard at a Nazi concentration camp, and if, as is rumored, the thirteenth variation of Mr. Elgar's *Enigma Variations* was inspired by her, it might quite properly be titled the *Emetic Variation.*



• General Vernon A. Walters will replace Mrs. Jeane J. Kirkpatrick as our chief delegate to the United Nations. The General received the bad news stoically. Moscow newspapers report that the crew of a Soviet commercial jet saw a "star-like UFO" and apparently fired not a shot. The conspicuity of the Sesame Street mentality has spread even to the criminal community. A thirteen-year-old would-be ganef was foiled in his attempt to rob a Buffalo, New York bank when a teller found the boy's holdup note unintelligible. The dunce had scribbled it on a smile button. Mere weeks after the Pope's visit to Peru, peasants in a remote province of the country burned a witch. Imagine what they would have done had they laid hands on a Unitarian minister! In Freehold, New Jersey, an investigation is underway to determine whether Police Chief Joseph McCarthy did indeed order a pliant funeral home director to open a grave so that he could retrieve his hat, and there is still more good news from the Soviet Union. To starving Ethiopia the Soviets have decided to send experts in aerobic exercise whose powers to feed the starving cannot be any more futile than those of Dr. Marx.

• Dr. Norman L. Wilson, a psychiatrist who has scrutinized the record of the man arrested late in January for strolling uninvited through the White House, has recommended further psychiatric study. According to Dr. Wilson, the intruder, a Mr. Robert Latta of Colorado, "hears voices saying, 'You blew it,'" a message that surely echoes through the heads of others visiting the White House these days—for instance those Democratic congressmen that our suave President invites over. The authoritative *National Examiner* reports that Fort Worth, Texas is being terrorized by a giant earthworm that "swallows dogs, cats and other small animals." For gourmets the good news is that the Interior Department's Fish and Wildlife Service has taken the snail darter off the endangered species list. Unfortunately we are going to have to stow our recipes for bumblebee bat, Miccosukee gooseberry, and Beautiful shiner, all of which have been added to the list. Another candidate for the list is the American vagrant, which made a rare appearance in the public discourse this month when a *New York Times* reporter spied one while reporting the doleful news that Grand Central Terminal will no longer be open 24 hours a day for the homeless, so squalid and vicious has the place become. Vagrants have almost vanished from view, as have derelicts and bums since the morally upright focused their prodigious attention on "the homeless." Yet there in that sad *Times* story the word vagrant once again reappeared. Apparently a vagrant is a low-down type who creeps into the saintly midsts of huddled homeless, preys on pedestrians, and gives all the homeless a bad name. In Grand Central Terminal one actually fell on Mr. Patrick Brady, a commuter who "suffered head injuries and a partly severed finger." Vagrants also get very hungry.

• The American Conference of Catholic Bishops grows in distinction. On February 21 one of the conference's foremost foes of capitalism and nuclear

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defense, Minnesota's archbishop John Roach, turned up nicely enameled in a Minnesota hoosegow after failing a blood-alcohol test. Oh, Archbishop Roach, what profligacy! Oh, degeneracy! "I acted imprudently and was guilty of some very serious bad judgment," the decidedly avoirdupois prelate admitted to an assemblage at St. Thomas College in St. Paul. Oh, crapulence! Oh, immoderation! Archbishop Roach, who before being jugged had been tippling at his summer home, headed the holy Conference when it confected its pish-posh on nuclear arms and began its outburst against the Yankee economy. Were ardent spirits influential in these essays into "serious bad judgment"? Our own Tom Bethell has reported in our January issue that after last year's confabulation on America's lewd capitalistic ways the black-clad dignitaries retired to Washington's Tiberio's to consume over $2,500 worth of plush victuals. Possibly it is time to replace *The American Spectator*'s Find the Fattest Bishop contest with something like Pick the Most Plastered Prelate.

• The Democratic party named Mr. Paul Kirk, erstwhile aide to Senator Edward Kennedy, as chairman, and he duly promised to lead the party back into the American "mainstream." It will be a more arduous job than he anticipates. Just before his election the Democratic National Committee's New Age marplots declared that henceforth in their bulls and sacred conventicles they will refer to the handicapped as the "differently-abled." And in Dallas, Texas, the Presbyterians are organizing a camorra that will change homosexuals into heterosexuals by "divine healing." If it works, a major New Age constituency may vanish before Mr. Kirk's very eyes.

—RET

CORRESPONDENCE

Defense Choices

Few are able to discuss our nation's military effectiveness with so serious an appreciation of the issue's importance as Eliot A. Cohen ("Strategies Money Can't Buy," *TAS*, February 1985). In pursuit of the same goal, I must however take issue with certain of his observations.

Mr. Cohen charges our armed forces with the failure to develop an "adequate, comparable arrangement" to the Soviets' deployment of medium-range bombers as part of their long-range naval aviation forces. Yet a "comparable arrangement" does exist, and it is more than adequate. The United States deploys thirteen carrier battle groups, which—together with the strike aircraft and the "Harpoon" and "Tomahawk" missiles—have the capacity to strike almost anywhere in the world, with minimum notice, and to remain constantly in range for extended periods of time. This efficient use of American technological power is only one example of the flexibility and strength of our defense system.

Seminal to Mr. Cohen's larger argument, however, is his characterization of the successful Grenada mission as marred by communications problems among units of different armed services. Such criticism is reminiscent of the armchair critiques that have followed all successful military operations throughout history. Even such an overwhelming victory as the Battle of Midway, which represented the turning point in the war in the Pacific, was criticized after the fact for disorganization and a lack of coordination in the attacks on the second day. This is not to belittle such critiques. They are essential to informing the conduct of future operations. But to the extent that they reflect or encourage the wishful thought that military operations should be problem-free, they can only promote a harmful oversimplification of the risks that military success requires.

A good example of such wishful thinking is Mr. Cohen's suggestion that the ultimate solution to defense problems is the creation of a "tiny corps" of strategic experts, led by a "single, powerful chief of defense," from within the military. While not articulating just how such a system would accomplish his goals, Mr. Cohen argues that the single Chief of Defense and his elite staff would solve both operational problems—like those he finds in Grenada—and the search for a "real" national strategy.

Entirely absent from such a proposal is any acknowledgment of the role of civilian leaders, who are charged with making the final decisions on national strategy, defense resources, and operations. Also absent is attention to a fact Mr. Cohen has elsewhere done much to illuminate: the complexity and range of America's global defense responsibilities.

Thus, for example, any successful, national strategy must reflect a diverse defense that can defeat an enemy from whatever quarter it threatens. Such a strategy is not the hypothetical product of a disinterested military genius whose final say-so would allow us to escape the consequences of our defense policy. It *is* the very real product of the deliberative, joint system we currently possess. That system recognizes the difference between general theorizing, best done at a distance, and true strategizing, best based on hard facts and intimate knowledge of our capabilities and readiness—knowledge rooted in the services, and their immediate concern with force maintenance and operational skill. Ours is also a system that reflects the final authority of our civilian leadership, and works to enhance the ability of the President and Secretary of Defense to make decisions and choices. Such authority must never be confused with the micro-management engaged in by junior systems-analysts in McNamara's day, an experience pointed out by Mr. Cohen with a distaste that I share. But surely so expert a writer on defense issues as he is also appreciates the importance of civilians making the decisions on which democracy rests. That capability is as much at the heart of our national defense as it is our national welfare.

It goes without saying that in this less than perfect world, our Joint Chiefs of Staff system would be unique if not flawed. Compare its shortcomings, however, with the manifold dangers of a system that empowers a single military chief to provide the only advice our leaders receive as well as conduct operations—a power never yet possessed by an American officer. Or, consider the establishment of a new, Washington-based general staff, whose prime virtue, as expressed by a 1958 report of the House Armed Services Committee, is "the swift suppression, at each level of consideration, of alternative courses of action, so that the man at the top has only to approve or disapprove—but not to weigh alternatives." Such a system has virtues for tactical decision-making on the battlefield—but those virtues are precisely the qualities that make it, in the words of the HASC report, "a fundamentally fallible, and thus dangerous, instrument for determination of national policy."

True, in such a system, disagreements among Services *could* be suppressed—but with the loss of conflicting opinion would go the expert, high-level critiques of proposed strategies and weapons systems that have resulted. Compromises among services, Mr. Cohen's greatest bugaboo, *could* be replaced by the final decision of one Chief, trained in one service—but along with these compromises would be discarded any serious consideration of, and attention to, alternative views regarding potential gaps in our defense policy as a whole. Again, any "duplication" of defense systems *might* be prevented—but with the absence of such diversity vanishes a strategically useful defense against the measures an enemy would certainly employ against simplistic, single-track systems.

Ranged against these losses are the "gains" we would make: an intrusive general staff, second-guessing our operational commanders; the reduction of all senior military officers (save the Chief of Defense) to whistle-blowing dissenters; a civilian leadership whose function is to yea or nay decisions made by their ostensible adviser. Efficient it may be—but to what end?

Mr. Cohen's proposal adds new layers of bureaucracy, isolates politically responsible civilian authorities from the range of advice and information they need, and replaces operational expertise and field authority with savvy in office politics and a remote, intrusive staff. This will not solve problems in America's defense. It will add to them. More fruitful are efforts to enhance the voice and authority of the operational commanders; return control of vital functions to the accountable military departments while cutting away at the unscaled mountains of defense bureaucracy; and increase competition in defense procurement. Such efforts are underway in this administration. Equally important are the efforts of defense scholars, like Mr. Cohen, to raise to the level of public debate the very issues of priorities and force he believes our nation has failed to address. In this nation, citizens, and not only soldiers, will make the final choices about defense.

—Seth Cropsey
Deputy Under Secretary
of the Navy (Policy)
Washington, D.C.

Eliot A. Cohen replies:

I'm grateful for Mr. Cropsey's cordiality in disagreeing with my article. This is no small matter, for the contemporary defense debate suffers from thoroughly unnecessary and counterproductive acrimony. Nonetheless, I find that he has in some measure caricatured my views, and in other places simply resorted to chimerical arguments against any defense reform.

(continued on page 49)

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EDITORIALS

THE POPE'S GOD

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

This white-haired polyglot Pope who travels the world is, we are told, a "peasant intellectual Pope." That is the judgment of Mr. William McCready, the Chicago sociologist whose books include *Ethnic Drinking Subculture.* Worse still, Pope John Paul II's unfortunate experience with the authorities in his native Poland has left him with a "horrendous bias." That is the judgment of Sister Amelie Starkey. She lives in Denver, Colorado, and is thus as free from bias against Communism as from midnight visits by Communist secret police.

There is irony in the criticisms of this stupendously competent man. For a certitude he has a bias against Communism; he lived under it. Could a Jew's firsthand experience with Nazism be used to depreciate his admonitions against Nazism? The sobering answer is that it could; and it was. To scorn the Pope as a peasant intellectual is to carry irony to the point of incoherence. After all it is his job to convey faithfully the teachings of a plainspoken carpenter from the Galilee of long ago. Moreover, those Christian sophisticates now denigrating this peasant Pope spend inordinate amounts of wind exalting peasants, particularly the ruder specimens.

Often these critics are advocates or even practitioners of that masterpiece of incoherence, liberation theology. This bizarre potion justifies violence against the middle class and the rich in pursuit of transforming the innocent poor into members of the middle class. It is a theology that cannot make up its mind about material things. If they are indeed evil and corrupting, why is it that the theologians of liberation devote so much time to prescribing them for the poor? If they are not evil and corrupting, what justifies pilfering them from the middle class and the rich? Surely some of the middle class and the rich came by their hellish baubles honestly.

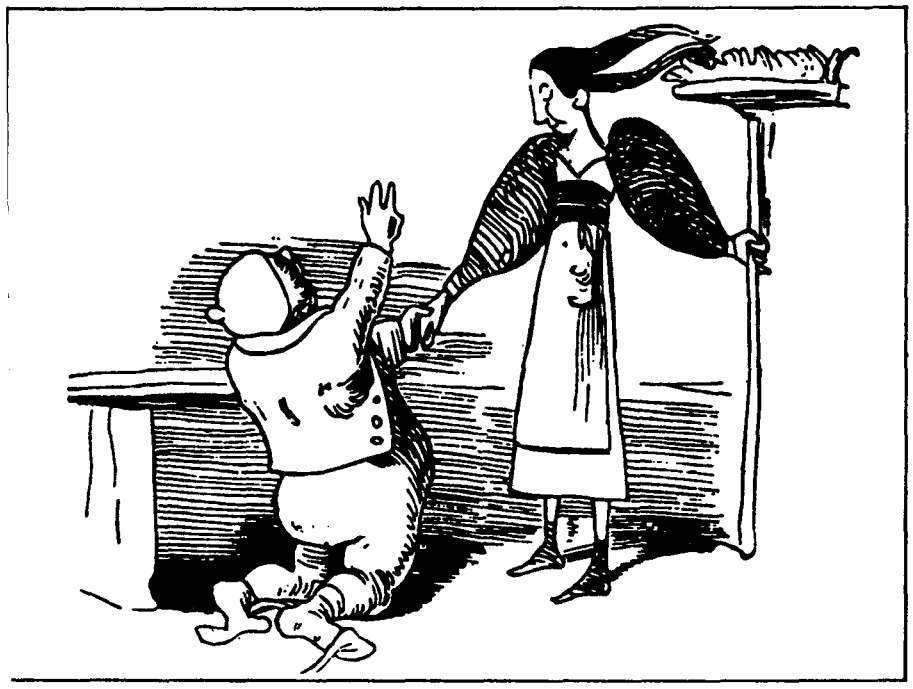
Are all the well-off the enemies of the poor, and thus deserving of an occasional car bomb? If not, how are the innocent to be spared the mayhem and murder of the liberating theologians' random terrorism; and, by the way, how much income redistribution is enough? America has, over the past thirty years, had quite a bit of income redistribution. Today transfer payments account for approximately 158 percent of the income of the poorest 10 percent of the population, yet the progressive bishops are hollering for more. When will they be appeased?

Though I mean no impiety, I must confess to being vastly amused by this confrontation between the Pope and the critics; and, for that matter, it is amusing to see the American journalists puzzle over him. *Time* recently ran a long and eminently readable series on the Pope, but they dwelt on such mundane matters as women in the priesthood and the claims of local custom on Church ritual. They could just as well have been discussing problems facing the Secretary General of the United Nations.

The critics' concerns are not the Pope's. He is absorbed with issues that are somewhat out of this world. He goes to South America, urging spiritual salvation for everyone, poor *and* rich. He beatifies a nun, who in life shunned politics for prayer. He declares that the revolutionary's violence "offends God." God? Obviously the Pope's concerns are not political but spiritual. And if he is correct in his assumption that beyond earth there is a spiritual order beckoning, he is on to something much larger and more important than his critics recognize.

Now on spiritual questions I claim no expertise whatsoever, but I do know something about politics. Liberation theology's advocates and other religious forward-lookers obviously seek earthly power. The Pope gazes beyond. He puts his trust in prayer, good works, and God's love. The others put their trust in political action and state power. The God they serve either does not answer men's prayers, or He responds only after a terrific row has been kicked up down below. Then He sets up the kind of progressive socialist regime that brings poverty to the Third World and incompetence plus economic stagnation to our world. The Pope's God is more my kind of God. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*



GRUESOME INTERLUDES

Note for the record that as the nation's longevity increases so does the citizenry's morbid preoccupation with health and disease. Future Tocquevilles may be able to do something elegant with this datum. As for me, I am going to have to choose between telecasts of the morning news shows, abundant as they are with gruesome reports of corporeal misfortune, and breakfasting upon crisp English muffins glowing with nutritious honey from the meadowlands, a delicious egg, and coffee brewed for an Emperor's palate. These are tokens of life, harbingers of a strenuous and productive day; but from the tube flicker images, macabre and hysterical.

The first half-hour of a recent "CBS Morning News" show had it all. First the amiable and intelligent Bill Kurtis read an unobjectionable version of the news. Then came a grisly report on the unfortunate Mr. Murray Haydon's implant—a brief description of the diseased heart's appearance after its removal, and my appetite was gone. Next I witnessed another ten-minute report on breast cancer, and yet another appetite was imperiled. Apparently it is preferable for one's "husband/lover" to find the tumor first—clinical training is urged! Finally, a cigar-smoking professor was assaulted by his hysterical opponent during a debate on "smoker's rights."

I do not blame CBS for bringing us these gruesome interludes. Obviously there is an audience out there that finds tales of disease and death very absorbing, notwithstanding the fact that Americans are now so healthy that the real health problem facing each of us is how in the fullness of time to expire gracefully. I believe, however, that their preoccupations are not only illogical but also quite morbid.

Consider that enemy of public

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smoking, Mr. John Banzhaf (and as you may be the parent of a prospective law student be advised that he is a Professor of something called Law and Legal Activism at George Washington University's National Law Center). For a certitude, smokers should respect nonsmokers' wishes, but so hysterical is this man over a cigar's danger to his health that he was induced to breach the peace.

And this violence is not new. Do you recall when one of these anti-cigarette hypochondriacs became so violent on a commercial jet that its pilot had to land the plane far from its destination? Often we hear of how many minutes a cigarette slices from the lives of the smoker and his neighbors, but the innocent passengers on this plane lost hours from their lives and could have lost their lives altogether.

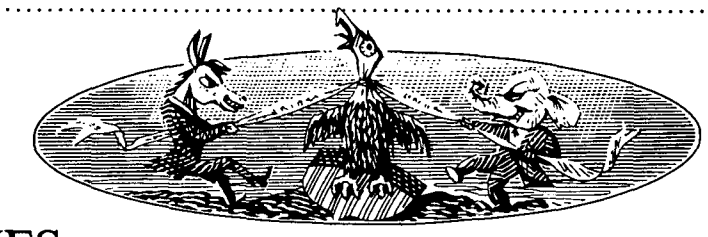
What is ironic about the enthusiasm of our hypochondriacs is not only that their fears come at a time when our lives are growing longer and freer of affliction, but that they are making our lives needlessly grim. Why in a Republic full of doctors and nurses to say nothing of therapists should people want to be entertained by tales of cancer and disgusting operations? Why in a televised debate would a man who claims adherence to the higher humanitarianism throw a full mug of water at an opponent?

Mr. Banzhaf did this claiming that a District of Columbia fire regulation justified him; though his victim, the distinguished professor of jurisprudence at Fordham University, Dr. Ernest van den Haag, had been duly assured that his cigar was permissible—especially as he believed it would demonstrate his opponent's violent side. Surely the law does not authorize a citizen to assault another, and could a solitary cigar in a well-ventilated studio really impair Mr. Banzhaf's health?

Clearly his fears are excessive. In furthering his views of public health, he endangered rational and orderly inquiry, personal freedom, civility, law and order, plus Professor van den Haag's cigar and clothes. Possibly his lungs were saved, but at what cost to his cardiovascular system? Though Mr. Banzhaf appeared proud of assaulting a man thirty years his senior, he is somewhat portly, and I would caution him against overexcitement.

We must not let the obsessions of the few depress us. Let us put aside their morbid absorptions, and remember too that some of these hypochondriacs are not concerned with health but with imposing their obsessions on others. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



WHAT A FOOL BELIEVES

by Tom Bethell

This month I was planning to go down the road to the South African embassy, which has been the scene of tremendous displays of candlelit courage by the American nobility. They have taken to driving their Volvos and Saabs down Massachusetts Avenue, parking by the side of the road, lighting up their candles and protesting injustice, fully prepared to take the consequences in terms of social ostracism, maybe even a police record. . . . But just as I was preparing to set forth, notepad at the ready, Investigative Reporter at your service, I was struck down by the flu and now find myself reduced to composing one more Think Piece, which I know you were looking forward to. . . . (I still may try the embassy later, but I'm afraid I already missed Preppy Night, when the protestors were wearing skiing gear and their skis were strapped to their Volvo tops in readiness for the long weekend in Vermont.)

Anyway, this is a Think Piece I have been thinking about for ages, and it starts off with a collection of quotes from writers I admire greatly, and usually agree with, but this time I am not so sure that I do.

First of all Irving Kristol, who needs no introduction: "The most important political event of the 20th century is not the crisis of capitalism but the death of socialism." (This is the opening sentence of an essay, "Socialism: An Obituary for an Idea," that is reprinted in his *Reflections of a Neoconservative*. It was originally published in this magazine in 1976 [then *The Alternative*].)

Next George Gilder, and here we have the opening sentence of *Wealth and Poverty*: "The most important event in the recent history of ideas is the demise of the socialist dream. Dreams always die when they come true. . . . "

Now comes Michael Novak of the American Enterprise Institute and the author (most recently) of *Freedom With Justice*.[1] In the August 1983 issue of *Catholicism in Crisis* he wrote: "The socialist idea, as an idea, is dead."

At about the same time Robert Nisbet, another AEI fellow and the author of *Prejudices*, wrote in a review of Paul Johnson's *Modern Times* that the author "is correct in taking comfort in the death of any serious belief in socialism . . . in the West at the present time" (*New York Times Book Review*, June 26, 1983).

[1]Harper & Row, $17.95.

Finally, "We've been watching the French busily debate culture and politics for some months, and we can now report the result. The idea called socialism is dead . . . " (*Wall Street Journal* editorial, October 31, 1983).

Well, there you have Kristol, Gilder, Novak, Johnson, Nisbet, and (I presume) Robert Bartley. You might say that this is the "A" team of conservatism, all saying the same thing, and, I believe, all whistling in the dark.

Now if you will bear with me, here are a few more quotations, these rather closer to the mark.

"It is a supreme hope of mine that Harvard will one day fight free of the secular humanist and socialist murk . . . " (George Gilder, *Harvard Year Book*, 1981).

"The discussion of technical economic issues interests French socialists very little. What they are driven by is moral ambition: they want to create a new man in a new society. . . . Mitterrand's objective is not primarily economic. It is above all to build the good society as he sees it—to reform man, avenge the poor, punish the rich (or at least riches). France has abandoned itself quite legally to a kind of lay Puritanism, moderate in its first steps but extreme in its ultimate objectives" (Jean-François Revel, *Commentary*, June 1982).

"Gloria Steinem reiterated her belief that feminism is an integral part of

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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socialism" (*Washington Post*, December 8, 1980).

"Since the end of World War II the U.S. has moved toward functional socialism almost secretly" (Maurice Cranston, *Wall Street Journal*, August 24, 1983).

"The American people have to grow up. This is the only advanced industrial society in the West in which socialism is a taboo subject" (Michael Harrington, *Detroit Free Press*, March 18, 1982).

"As the social bankruptcy of secular humanism becomes increasingly evident, churches will have to regain the confidence to teach morality rather than socialism to the poor" (George Gilder, *Wall Street Journal*, September 22, 1983).

"If you don't believe in heaven then you believe in socialism" (Doris Lessing, *New York Times Magazine*, July 25, 1982).

In 1979, when I believe the opening lines of *Wealth and Poverty* were written, Gilder saw the "demise" of the socialist dream, but by 1981 he detected it at Harvard and by 1983 in the churches. I need hardly add that by 1983 socialism in its most virulent and vengeful form was also well established in Nicaragua. And by then also the U.S. Agency for International Development had intervened most destructively to impose socialism in El Salvador. Property rights were assaulted in the name of land reform and credit nationalized. The country has not recovered. In 1984 the CIA worked behind the scenes in El Salvador on behalf of the candidacy of Napoleon Duarte, a socialist.

How can the idea of socialism be dead if its theory is so steadfastly promoted and its practice so steadily extended? How much of the socialism that existed in the U.S. economy when President Reagan took office has he managed to undo? My impression is none, although a case could be made that the reduction of the top income tax rate in 1981 was such a rollback. Something like the Brezhnev Doctrine applies to domestic as well as to Soviet socialism. It is well-nigh irreversible. The clock, as they say, cannot be turned back.

In Gilder's later comments above, one senses that he uneasily suspects the truth—that socialism is intimately connected with faith and most particularly the loss of it (which explains the tremendous enthusiasm for socialism among faithless clergymen). But Gilder remains at least formally attached to a stubborn Yankee pragmatism that insists people are swayed by ideas only to the extent that they work, that is, bear material fruit.

Some people undoubtedly do think along such practical lines, but I suspect they are few and far between. Doris Lessing's comment gets us much closer to the truth. Admittedly there are those who believe neither in God nor in the New Socialist Man—libertarians, for example. Ayn Rand is the archetype. Faith as far as I can see simply forms no part of libertarians' makeup. They don't have it and they don't miss it. But I insist that such people are rare, which incidentally may be why libertarians seem so doomed. They say rational and usually intelligent things, but they can never muster enough troops behind them to make much difference, and deep down they know it.

The truth is that most people need a faith, and if they don't or can't believe in God then there is a very good chance that they will believe in socialism. This should not be thought of too narrowly or specifically—the "state ownership of the means of production" or whatever. The socialists' "vision," which is the word they most often use instead of "heaven," is imagined only very vaguely and hazily (as indeed is the Christian heaven). It is a world in which people are thought of as being more or less indistinguishable from one another. All cooperate with one another, agree with one another, and

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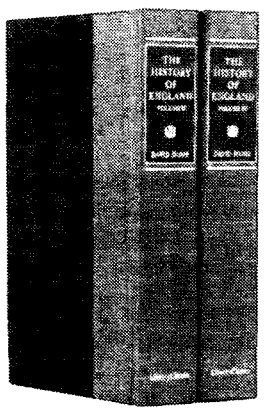

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work in unison to get things done. It does not get much more specific than that, although from time to time socialist writers will describe more precisely their fictional Utopias. What is striking about these accounts is the high degree of similarity between them: no private property, no churches, state-owned granaries, and so on.

The main point that I want to stress, however, is that *the material failure of socialism in no way discourages those who believe in it.* It is, in fact, absurdly easy for the socialist faithful to explain away these failures: True socialism has never really been tried, America obstructs progressive societies, and so forth. This is where Kristol, Gilder & Co. have, I believe, gone wrong. They just can't imagine that people will go on believing in an idea that fails a practical test. But the fact is that they can, and the proof is that they do! Paul Hollander's book *Political Pilgrims* is an almost incredible treasury of this abiding faith. But not only did Hollander not invent these accounts, he could today furnish us with an addendum that would disclose no diminution of the socialist faith; only a more geographically varied practice of it. To Gilder et al. the fact that there are people in the U.S. who still believe in Castro, and now the Sandinista "vision," must seem utterly fantastic. As indeed it is. But it also happens to be true. I had to rub my eyes myself the other day when I opened the *Washington Post* only to find the top half of the front page filled with encomia to Fidel, implicitly exhorting us to believe what he says.

Karen DeYoung and James Hoagland, the authors of these journalistic prayers, are true believers in the socialist faith, and no evidence of material collapse in Cuba—in the unlikely event that their nocturnal host Fidel would draw it to their attention, or that they would independently ascertain it—is going to shake that faith. Only its displacement by a transcendental faith will do that, and the same applies to those socialist clergymen that Gilder is rightly concerned about.

The persistence of the socialist faith in the twentieth century, despite its manifold failures, is a testament to the power of faith and to the very human dread of its loss. We should remember that for the socialist the loss of faith leaves him with what one can only describe as the blank horror of day-to-day existence. Few socialists are so disillusioned that they can face that blank horror. It's so much more comforting to go on believing and blame everything on America. Only a religious revival on a scale that does not at present seem in the cards can ultimately shake the socialist faith and weaken its grip on us. For we are indeed in its grip, as our inability to do anything about the grave Communist threat in Central America today tells us.

There was an intriguing story the other day in the *Washington Post* about Mozambique, a country with a Communist government that is now receiving U.S. *military* aid. "In towering modern high rises, built by the Portuguese before independence and now owned by the state, live another group of westerners," Glenn Frankel wrote. "The *cooperantes* are the thousands of westerners who have come to help the government. Most came for ideological reasons, because they saw in Mozambique, with its revolutionary fervor, the kind of society they believed in. . . . Having preached for years about the vitality of socialism, they now stand helpless before its corpse. So at night many of them huddle in their apartments—resorting to black market candles when the power goes off, drinking European beer. They ridicule western relief workers who speak no Portuguese and speculate on how many are CIA agents."

Irving, George, Michael, do you think these people have lost the socialist faith, or do you think they believe it hasn't yet been tried? □

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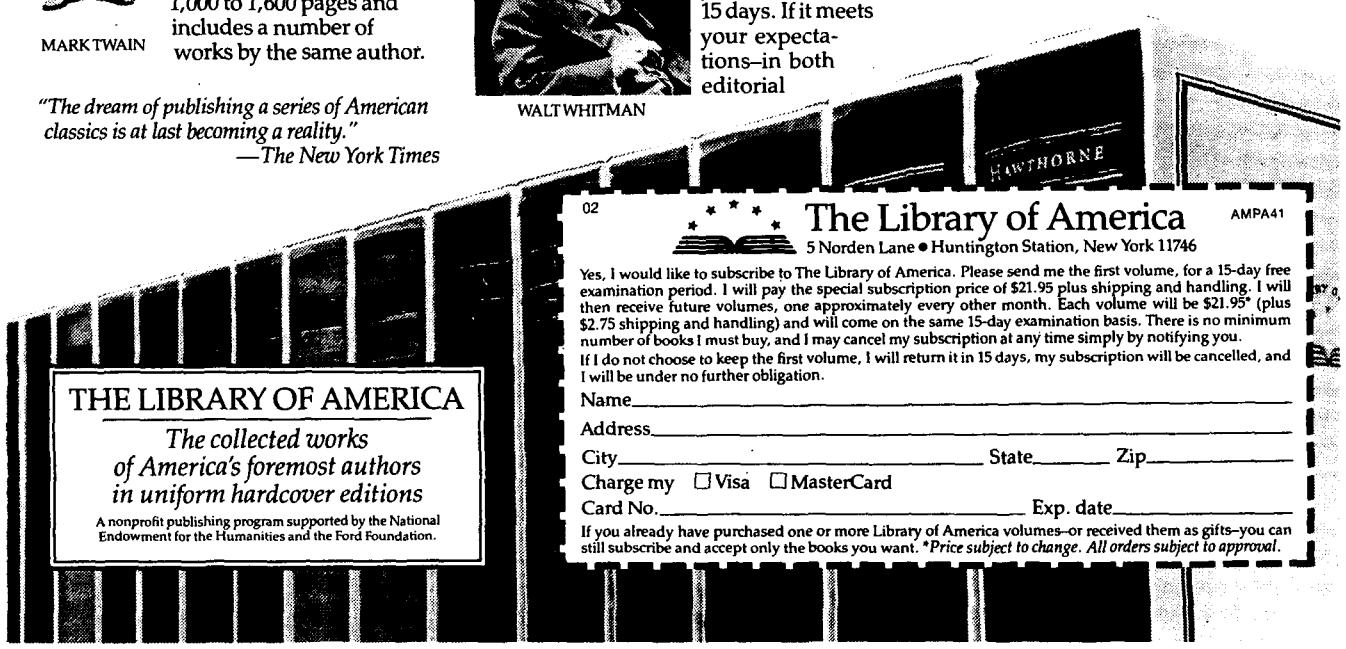

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ON THE CONDITION OF AMERICAN LIBERALISM

Has it cracked up? Will it rise up?

How do the tame journalists of South Africa discuss the state of race relations in their incomparable land? My guess is that they discuss it in the same way this Republic's tame journalists discuss subjects that discomfit them, such as the present state of Liberalism. The discourses are earnest, long-winded, and strenuously beside the point. Obviously the typical South African journalist does not truly want to know about the state of relations between the pale face and the caliginous. Were he inadvertently to blurt out the horrible truth, he might bring bodily harm to his person and possibly even lose his bar stool at the local whites-only press club. Such timorousness is perfectly understandable in authoritarian South Africa, but how does one account for it in the land of the free? What are the scriveners afraid of?

For months now they have been tiptoeing rather prudishly around one of our most critical news stories, the break-up of American Liberalism. Delusorily they step right up to the problem. They admit things are not as they were in halcyon yore. They acknowledge the essentials: Ronald Reagan again hoodwinked the popolo minuto*; Walter Mondale's message played well in the District of Columbia and in progressive Minnesota, but in the outlying provinces it suffered a mysterious rejection. Rarely does a pundit blurt out that Liberalism has become sozzled on radicalism, lost touch with the people, and even with the New Deal—a Gay and Lesbian Caucus, indeed!*

Because the analyses of Liberalism's condition remain so vacuous, my colleagues here at this venerable journal of scholarship and the arts have put together this symposium. We wanted to know what adults drawn from across the political spectrum think of the position we have taken at The American Spectator. *Our position is that Liberalism has cracked up into a riot of enthusiasms radical, contradictory, and remote from the concerns of the American people. We believe that the more piously one adheres to the ideas of late twentieth century Liberalism the more apt one is to suffer the psychological condition described by Anna Freud in her masterpiece,* The Ego and Mechanisms of Defense, *namely: denial. This is sad news. From the ideological imperatives of the New Deal, Liberalism has devolved into a mental disorder. Yet perhaps we are wrong. In this symposium readers can decide for themselves.*

I should like to add, however, that the Liberals' reception of The Liberal Crack-Up, *my recently published report to the nation on the present condition of you know what, fortifies my colleagues' conclusions. The responses were a classic manifestation of denial. For the first few months they said nothing whatsoever, making* The Liberal Crack-Up *a truly historic book—one of the few developments in this century ever to render the Liberals speechless.*

Then the criticisms drifted in. They were precisely what I had expected. They never confronted the book's thesis. Rather they leveled three charges against me: 1) I had written a profane book, shocking in its violence; 2) my terminology was inaccurate, confusing the morally upright humanitarians of the moderate left with the less sober types; and 3) I only derogate Liberals, not conservatives. Here again I believe we see what Miss Freud had in mind: When placed in an anxiety-causing situation the patient denies that which makes his palms sweat and his stomach churn.

Was I really profane? Are the critics referring to the line describing our returning POWs as "hypocrites and liars," or our defense of South Vietnam as "an indescribable atrocity," or Idi Amin as an "outstanding figure"? Those are merely quotations from Jane Fonda, Professor Noam Chomsky, as well as the lawyer Florynce Kennedy as she declaimed at Yale Law School in 1977.

Inaccurate? Do the critics have in mind the reference to the Rev. Khomeini as "some kind of saint," or to Dr. Castro as "soft-spoken, shy, sensitive," or to "the efficient rapacity of our raider-rulers"? That last reference came not from me but from Professor Garry Wills during a learned discourse on capitalism. The first two are quotations from the Hon. Andrew Young and the Hon. George McGovern. No one I know has much trouble comprehending my meaning when I refer to them as Liberals of the New Age. Nor would these notables complain, at least as long as they were not aware that when some of us hear the term New Age we larf and larf.

As for the last charge, I plead guilty. The word conservatism hardly appears in the book, but the book is not about conservatism, as prolonged reading of its title will reveal. I have no doubt that had I scrutinized conservatism and scoffed at its ideas and sacred mysteries my critics would be pleased and some would even toast me. I have recognized for some time that they admire the nihilist. But whether or not I share their relish for rampage and mayhem, the point is that this book is about Liberalism, and they shall just have to wait for me to write a book about conservatism before they can praise me for my fair-minded philosophical emptiness.

Thus here we are, months after poor Walter was led to the hecatomb, and still the pundits of the Republic have made no headway in deciding Liberalism's condition. Well, at The American Spectator *we still want to know, and we are equally eager to hear from the left as from the right. Are our pessimistic findings sound, or are the liberals and radicals correct that the situation is still retrievable? In the following symposium all sides are included, and in this our readers are better served than those who have to rely on the tame journalists.* —RET

FRED BARNES

It ain't dead yet, no matter what conservatives would like to think. True, liberals have been on a bender for years, getting more lathered up about the plight of the snail darter than the prospects for economic growth. But what if that changed? What if a cloud passed over and liberals sobered up? Michael Kinsley of the *New Republic* assures me this is like saying that a frog could fly if it had wings. But the point is that *this* frog really did have wings once. Remember when liberals yearned

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for economic growth, favored the welfare state in moderation—they tried to aid folks without indulging in social tinkering—and were enthusiastic internationalists, even hard-line anti-Communists? Maybe it will dawn on liberals, as dopey as many of them are these days, that something interesting happened when this was their ideology. They got elected. They were the majority. They ruled the country. They created change and prosperity, and they promoted freedom around the world. It was a dirty job, but somebody had to do it and liberals did. Conservatives, brushed aside by the voters, muttered about the need for a balanced budget.

There are two groups of liberals—I'm talking small bands of liberals, not masses—who have figured out what happened. One is the Henry Jackson wing, a pathetically small fringe group of liberals who have bravely resisted the newfangled ideas and crazed fads to which liberalism is always so susceptible. These liberals are tough on defense, want a restrained welfare state, and detest all the trendy enthusiasms like feminism, environmentalism, and isolationism. If the Jackson liberals were the dominant force in liberalism today, the dawn of conservative America would never have broken. And Ronald Reagan would be doing Lite beer commercials; he'd be arguing that it's great because it's less filling. The Jackson liberals are closer to matching American public opinion than Reagan is (he's more conservative than most people), but they lost out to the New Politics liberals. The other group with its ideological head screwed on right is the neoliberals. They've got problems, one being a tendency toward isolationist foreign-policy positions, but they have figured out that people want a booming economy one heck of a lot more than they want to preserve every last snail darter or guarantee the right of lesbians to adopt children. And they've latched on to the best way of achieving a strong economy—the free market. Some, not all, neoliberals have, at any rate. Well, what does this mean? It means that if either of these groups reached a critical mass where it was the moving force in American liberalism, conservative hegemony would be imperiled. Don't hold your breath, but don't rule out a liberal resurgence either. Stranger things have happened.

Fred Barnes is national political reporter for the Baltimore Sun.

ROBERT L. BARTLEY

Underestimating the regenerative power of American liberalism would be a mistake of the first order. The conservative tide in American politics derived its force from assimilating many of the ideals of New Deal liberalism—growth, optimism, opportunity. Already we can see the liberal forces regrouping to reclaim their lost heritage.

In national politics, it would be astonishing if Walter Mondale failed to prove the last New Deal presidential candidate. In Congress, we are witnessing the swan song of Tip O'Neill; the coming figure in the House is Rep. Richard Gephardt, with Senator Bill Bradley co-sponsor of the Democratic version of the flat tax. In foreign affairs, American guilt remains the vocal force of the liberals, but chiefly because the Reagan Administration hesitates to challenge it frontally, despite the clear lesson of Grenada.

The Democratic political party, the vessel of American liberalism, remains predominant in state and local government, and its mayors and governors are quite free from the horse-blinders liberals wear inside the Capital Beltway. Even Gov. Mario Cuomo, fresh from castigating the Reagan Administration for heartlessness toward homeless mental cases, returns to Albany to cut the tax rates for his state's upper-income wage-earners. In the intellectual world the hot magazine of the last year, with due respect to *The American Spectator*, has been the *New Republic*; it is no accident that since the second Reagan landslide, its brightest stars have been hired wholesale by The Washington Post Co.

Over the next few years—four, probably—we will witness the liberals assimilating the lessons of the recent conservative surge. We will see lower marginal tax rates as the best way to advance the poor. We will see the liberals, and especially the blacks, embrace the virtues of the family. We will see liberals remember the virtues of the Truman foreign policy.

Of course, such people will no longer be liberals as we have known them the last generation. Indeed, many of today's conservatives, the editors of *The American Spectator* for example, are likely to find they have more in common with the world's Gephardts than the world's Falwells, not all of whom are as erudite and cosmopolitan as the Rev. Falwell himself.

It will be frustrating, of course, since the latter-day liberals will give no credit to their conservative forebears. Even while debating precisely what tax rate will maximize government revenues, they will ridicule Arthur Laffer. They will celebrate the *New Republic* for discovering that the Sandinistas did not have in mind Brook Farm. They will remember, correctly as it happens, that economic deregulation started under President Carter.

But no matter, this is progress, as it is counted off in the intellectual/political world. The Republic needs such a resurgence of liberalism. It does not need a British Labour party flight into the hopeless left, and happily, American liberals are far too sturdy for that. They will rise to fight again, and maybe even win. Good for them. The only pity will be if today's conservatives fail to recognize what they themselves have achieved.

Robert L. Bartley is editor of the Wall Street Journal.

RICHARD BROOKHISER

Politically, the condition of American liberalism is grim. The Mondale campaign was the terminal moraine of the common good. Mondale surely believed, as much as his mentor Hubert Humphrey before him, in the common good, and in the government's duty to provide it. The trouble with government provision is that if it is unlimited, it can no longer be common; some beneficiaries must be preferred, at the expense of others. Liberalism's remaining beneficiaries, and their sympathizers, add up to the Mondale vote. As the District goes, so goes Minnesota.

The Democrats acquiesced in this losing position because no better one was available. Both Glenn and Hart, it turned out, had nothing to offer; Jesse Jackson had something, but the Democrats are not yet willing to become a Third World party.

What of the future? Mario Cuomo seems determined to do Walter Mondale one more time, only as a good performer. Cuomo is good, but not *that* good. What Gary Hart was attempting may be achieved by Bill Bradley or some other fresh face—to make liberalism the rallying cry of yuppies with compassion. In this vision, the poor would frankly become lesser breeds needing largesse, but apart from them, government would let the good times roll. This accurately reflects the mental impulses of today's well-off young liberals; as a political position, though, it strikes me as incoherent.

I've spent time on politics because that seems to be the arena in which liberals have the most hope. Conservatives have our own problems, and time and chance happeneth to us all. In the realm of ideas, the condition of liberals is far worse. They have not had a first-rate political idea since Woodrow Wilson, or a first-rate moral/aesthetic one since Swinburne, maybe Shelley. The efforts of such people as the editors of the *New Republic* to come up with some are interesting and honorable, but trivial: the intellectual equivalent of policing the area for butts and beer cans.

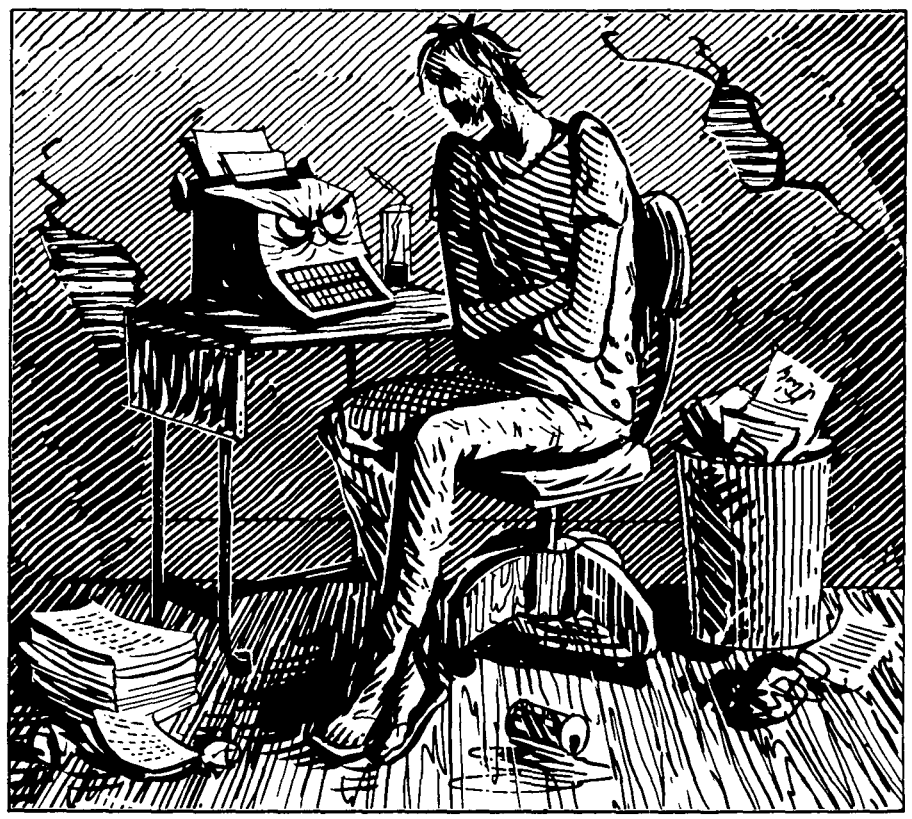
Richard Brookhiser, a senior editor of National Review, *is writing a book about the 1984 elections to be published by Doubleday.*

JOSEPH A. CALIFANO, JR.

Is there a Phoenix hidden in the ashes of American liberalism? That depends on the capacity of its self-appointed apostles to realize that theirs is a political philosophy, not a religious movement, and that politics in America is a pragmatic calling, not a search for doctrinaire angels on the head of an ideological pin.

To bounce back, liberals must build on their most conservative strength—their commitment to the dignity and freedom of the individual. They've got to exorcise their self-destructive urge to impose the culture of the fringe on the mainstream of the many.

Whether left-wing liberals are any



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more likely to do this than right-wing conservatives is doubtful. At the edges, both movements are in the hands of leaders who get their jollies sparring on a set of issues better suited to parents and churches than politics and caucuses: God, abortion, homosexual rights, teenage sex. Such leaders seem to revel in Simple-Simon statements about the most intricate and confounding issues of our day: arms control, revolution and guerrilla war in Central and South America, trade imbalances, drug addiction and street crime.

Liberalism has got to come to terms with the harsh economic realities of post-industrial America. We live in a World more One than liberal Wendell Willkie ever dreamed of. Only the economically and militarily strong can lead, and the trick is to eliminate pockets of poverty amidst widespread affluence and bring the underdeveloped world along, without losing any of our own wealth or strength. In such a world our nation needs all the energy, creativity, persistence, genius, and guts a free enterprise system can muster. Franklin Roosevelt and Lyndon Johnson understood this, which accounts for the success of much of the New Deal and Great Society, and explains why liberals so irritated both Presidents.

Fortunately for liberals, a strike force of young Turks like Tim Wirth, Dick Gephardt, and Bill Bradley is moving to save their cartilages from their worst instinctive kneejerks, just as Jack Kemp and his cohorts are moving to deliver the conservative right from itself. These young political warriors hold the promise of a debate that will redefine liberalism and conservatism into the best each has to offer.

Joseph A. Califano, Jr. was President Johnson's Special Assistant for Domestic Affairs and was Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare from 1977 to 1979. He is currently senior partner in the Washington law firm of Dewey, Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer and Wood.

MAURICE CRANSTON

What is most striking to the foreign observer about American liberalism today is its provincialism. In the eighteenth century, when America was still a series of colonies, American liberalism was something big, directed to great principles such as the rights of man and liberty and self-government. American liberalism today has narrow horizons, something you would expect to find in an oppressed people, concerned no longer with the rights of man, but the rights of minorities, no longer with universal ideals or principles, but with local grievances. American liberalism has become the ideology of protest: diffuse, ill-tempered, and often rather cynical.

In Europe—even in Australia—liberalism is clearly distinguishable from socialism, but American liberalism, obsessed with American "social problems," seems to have no enemies to the left, but rather to have assimilated any and every section of opinion that seeks to "change society." As what I take to be a reaction against the persecution of Communists in the McCarthy era, American liberals are curiously protective towards Communism. They also seem to recognize no danger to freedom in Soviet expansion in Africa and South America. This makes their provincialism doubly disturbing—not only has it given up the universal perspective of earlier liberalism; when it does look out into the world, it refuses to see what is there.

Maurice Cranston is professor of political science at the London School of Economics.

ALONZO L. HAMBY

"Liberalism," as commonly understood at present, has reached a state of political and intellectual exhaustion. One must hope for its revival, if for no other reason than the need for a genuine mainstream political dialogue in this country.

In the time of Roosevelt, Truman, and Kennedy, liberalism generally meant public programs of assistance to those unable to assist themselves, advocacy of equal opportunity, and respect for productive enterprise. It recognized totalitarianism of all stripes for what it was and accepted it as an implacable enemy. Today, liberalism has confused equal opportunity with equality of condition, has little regard for productive enterprise, and seems to believe the Department of Defense a greater menace than the Soviet Union.

Intellectually, liberalism needs to regain its earlier identity and to achieve a sense of limits. Until some time in the sixties, we all took it for granted that not every human problem could be solved and that the resources realistically available even to soothe the misery of the afflicted and infirm were barely adequate. Today, programs abound for every objective and interest group. (I write this after reading in my local newspaper that the city of Athens, Ohio, is requesting $4.4 million in federal grants to facilitate the private construction of a retirement community, a shopping mall, and a chain drugstore.)

Abuses still exist in various welfare and poverty programs, but there is a need for such activities, if in a cleaned-up form. However, liberalism also has identified itself with an agenda of "social programs" that amount to uneconomic subsidies for the middle classes. Finally, and most sadly of all in this historically liberal nation, liberalism has become nearly synonymous with anti-Americanism.

Some of these figures who call themselves neoliberals may lead their movement back to the prominence it once had. (I am not certain, however, that I understand fully what distinguishes them from neoconservatives.) They will have to achieve not only an intellectual but also a political coup that will free them from the "activists" of the left, the anti-American intellectuals, the professional grievance mongers, and the manifold special interest groups that now control access to Democratic presidential nominations.

A liberalism that once again unhesitatingly advocated genuine liberal democracy and the American mission in this world, while understanding the practical limits on both, would be a formidable force in our political life—one that all right-thinking conservatives should welcome.

Alonzo L. Hamby is professor of history at Ohio University and author of the new book, Liberalism and Its Challengers: FDR to Reagan *(Oxford University Press).*

GARY HART

American liberalism is not dead. But it *has* been asleep.

In 1973, in *Right from the Start,* I argued that American liberalism was near bankruptcy: "In recent decades, progressive ideas and innovative proposals have sprung in large part from the liberal wing of the Democratic Party." But by the late sixties, "the traditional sources of invigorating, inspiring and creative ideas were dissipated." And in 1972, "the fields of liberalism failed to provide a crop." "The soil," I concluded, "is worn out."

Similarly, during my first Senate campaign, I maintained that liberalism had failed to move past the New Deal. "The pragmatism of the New Deal has become doctrine—if there is a problem, create an agency and throw money at the problem." Liberals had learned the wrong lesson from the New Deal, and embraced institutions rather than innovation; bureaucracy rather than buoyancy.

Unfortunately, that critique still holds true for too many liberal thinkers and leaders—and the consequences have been severe. In this time of dramatic social, economic, and global change, my party—and our nation—has failed to keep pace or move ahead. And as the creativity of American liberalism has worn out, the Republican right-wing has rushed in—with appeals to self-interest, and promises of ease and comfort, at least for today.

Too often in the past decade, the creative, pragmatic energies of liberalism have become co-opted by constituency agendas and special interests instead of directed toward creating a new economic order in an era of great change. As a result, many Americans now feel dissatisfied with both liberals and conservatives. They feel there must be, as I said in a recent speech, "a higher purpose for a great nation than outdated political arrangements on the one hand, or . . . materialism and selfishness on the other."

During the last two years, I have argued that liberals and the Democratic party must offer an innovative, cohesive vision for America's future. As I wrote in *A New Democracy:* "During the remainder of this century, America must recreate its revolutionary and pioneering spirit. Using old-fashioned common sense and American ingenuity, we must devise bold

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strategies rooted in our basic values and have the courage to carry them out."

That is the key to awakening an active, effective, and pragmatic liberalism—the liberalism of Franklin Roosevelt and John Kennedy—and it is also the key to building a better future for America.

Gary Hart is the senior Senator from Colorado.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

It is in the nature of reformist and radical movements to be in crisis, because they cannot, or should not, become too "well-adjusted." Whenever politicians or parties calling themselves liberal have done so, the result has been "crack-up" on a scale far greater and more demeaning than the one so fancifully caught by your Mr. Tyrrell. One thinks (or at least I think) of Adlai Stevenson lying his way through the Bay of Pigs, Arthur Schlesinger seeking cover during the McCarthy period, and all the bright sparks who combined to put the torch to Vietnam.

Liberalism is what Americans have instead of European social democracy or European socialism. As a result, it has infinite elasticity of membership and definition. But I know what is being attacked when I see liberalism being written off, and I know in particular what to expect from the reactionaries who affect to mourn a hypothetical liberalism of the past, when decent standards were observed and demands were made more modestly. This hypocrisy has its consummation in the grotesque attempt by Ronald Reagan to claim the "mantle" of Roosevelt.

Enough of this smug revisionism. If the civil rights movement had had to depend on the sympathy of *National Review*, we would be in very poor case. If respect for the honorable traditions of the Democratic party had become the property of those who betrayed that party in order to re-elect Richard Nixon (and who now falsify that record in the pages of *Commentary* and the *Public Interest*), we would be worse off still. The new breed of right-wing snobs tends, not very admirably, to distance itself from the boorish Christian bigots who would undo so much of the last two decades. Your mannered Tory says—women's rights, yes, but no feminism. Homosexuals should not be persecuted, but nor should they be assertive. Black Americans are equals, but only since about 1963, so no need for affirmative action. Give me the authentic bully-boys, who *really* elected Ronald Reagan, every time. When his crack-up comes, we won't disappoint you. We radicals, I mean.

Christopher Hitchens is a columnist for the Nation *and the* Spectator *of London.*

WILLIAM KRISTOL

Only thirty-five years ago Lionel Trilling could plausibly claim that "in the United States at this time liberalism is not only the dominant but even the sole intellectual tradition." Liberalism was therefore also dominant politically—since, as Trilling pointed out, "everything begins in sentiment and assumption and finds its issue in political action and institutions."

Today, liberalism's political weakness reflects the shattering of liberalism's intellectual assumptions. These assumptions were shattered in the most damaging and irretrievable way possible: The movement based on them finally overcame all remaining obstacles and put its program into effect. There were indications right away that all was not going smoothly in the brave new liberal world; but the subsequent, increasingly insistent, and then frantic efforts of contemporary liberalism to minister to an ailing social order made the conclusion to be drawn ever more clear: Contemporary liberalism, like eighteenth-century medicine, offers a cure worse than the (ostensible) disease.

Liberalism's reaction to its failures has been rather ungracious, even impolitic. Rather than withdrawing to regroup, happy to let bygones be bygones, many liberals have felt no compunction about hectoring the people for daring, at last, to seek to do without their ministrations. That this hectoring has been more ignored than resented is probably due to the fact that the patient seems to be doing so well (now that the doctor has been dismissed), and that time is healing some of the doctor-made wounds.

But it would be a mistake to assume that real health will be easily restored. The damage done to our political institutions, to our social mores, and to our cultural suppositions runs too deep; and, in all fairness, one must add that our society's susceptibility to the "cures" of the sixties suggests that its fitness was not all it could have been beforehand, either. The key question today is not the condition of liberalism but the condition of the nation. Can it renew its vigor? Can its people rehabituate themselves to virtue? Can its citizens reconstruct its institutions? There are grounds for hope that such a reformation is possible; but the proof will be in the pudding.

William Kristol teaches at the John F. Kennedy School of Government of Harvard University.

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

New Deal liberalism was epitomized by the Social Security Act of 1935 which offered universal coverage to the elderly and unemployment benefits that over time evolved into a nearly universal entitlement. Reagan's gingerly treatment of Social Security attests to its powerful constituency. By contrast, Great Society liberalism focused on specific groups, neither terribly popular with the general public nor as active politically as the broad middle class who are the major beneficiaries of New Deal liberalism. The War on Poverty was waged in behalf of a fifth or sixth of the population, the folks below the poverty line. Affirmative action hiring and busing for school integration objectives accelerated the flight of the white middle class to the suburbs. Medicaid, food stamps, and allied interventions were tolerated in the 1960s and early 1970s so long as the economy grew at a pace rapid enough to finance them without imposing new tax burdens on the more prosperous.

When OPEC in 1973 and again in 1979 precipitated that nasty combination of inflation and unemployment dubbed stagflation by Paul Samuelson, the Great Society, already weakened by Vietnam rivalry for resources, was ripe for comparatively gentle trimming by Jimmy Carter and serious assault by Ronald Reagan. I perceive little hope of liberal revival in its Lyndon Johnson style. It is simply too expensive to cut the sort of deals that Johnson specialized in: bribes to doctors, hospitals, and health insurers to soften their opposition to Medicare and Medicaid, subsidies to builders to allow a flow of public housing, and so on.

If I live to see liberal revival, it is likely to focus on programs with universal appeal and tax policies more equitable than those of recent experience. Universal health coverage is affordable only within the context of a transformed system of health delivery. Dare I whisper the words, a state-salaried service? As with health, so with low and moderate cost housing.

Let me dream no more.

Robert Lekachman is the author of Greed Is Not Enough: Reaganomics.

KENNETH MINOGUE

Why has liberalism lost its place in the mainstream of American life? One of the main reasons is that it became infected with the righteousness of its left-wing ideological neighbors. In earlier days, whatever reforms they championed, liberals were at one with other Americans in a fervent loyalty to cherry pie, motherhood, the Constitution, and the expanding frontier. But the New Deal, and then the centralizing experience of World War II convinced many liberals that there was only one big problem facing the United States—the problem of the underprivileged; one big cause of all troubles, namely the structure of society; and only one big solution: the intervention of the government, preferably waving dollars. It was the Vietnam war which completed this slide into simplicity and political melodrama. Many liberals came to see anyone who disagreed with them as no better than the agents of some sinister interest. They talked of Republican Presidents (and even some Democratic ones) in the same tone of voice they had learned to use about Hitler. This mood of righteous hysteria became, in its periodic frustrations, profoundly anti-American, and was led, step by step, into absurdities. Given that the United States, which liberals had earlier thought a moral force in the

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world, was actually the inspiration of worldwide imperialism, then the Soviet Union must be innocent. If there are still Americans who were poor and uneducated, then the social structure must be even more devious and powerful than previously suspected. Lost in this deeply satisfying melodrama, many American liberals could not face up to certain political realities of the eighties: the threat from the military ambitions of the Soviet Union, and the increasingly unacceptable cost of bureaucratized redistribution in pursuit of welfare will-o'-the-wisps.

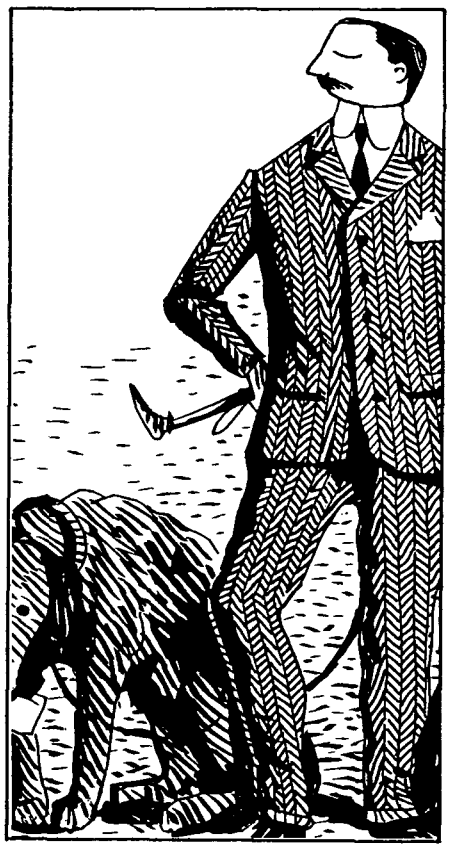
Kenneth Minogue is author of The Liberal Mind *and the new book* Alien Powers: The Pure Theory of Ideology *(St. Martin's).*

DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN

Shall we begin at the beginning? The 1980 election was more lost than won. That is not unusual in elections. Mr. Carter's presidency had not succeeded, and someone—almost whoever was nominated by the opposing party—was going to succeed him.

Mr. Reagan's campaign was not notable, and probably wisely so. He left it to the voters to ask if they wanted four more years of Carter. I have heard George Will offer a door prize of one electric pop-up toaster to any member of an audience of bankers who could recall a *single* federal program Mr. Reagan had proposed to abolish during the 1980 campaign. The audience looked left and right, each expecting to see a neighbor's hand raised. None was. For none could. Will remarked that it seemed he was never going to get rid of that toaster.

Then came the inaugural address and an extraordinary proposition. The new President said the nation faced a crisis. Well, most new Presidents do that. Indeed, as Eugene McCarthy remarked as we strolled away to lunch after the ceremonies, most new Presidents declare war in their inaugural address; which President Reagan had *not* done.



But he did say this with respect to the crisis: ". . . government is not the solution to our problem; government is the problem."

This made me nervous. It was too general a statement; too indiscriminate. Did this man understand just how much government *has* to do? I don't think he did (and am not sure he does), for in short order he set in place a basic strategy—still in place—of reducing the size of government itself to the condition of bankruptcy. All credit to Ronald Reagan, who is not a devious man: He stated his plan straight out, sixteen days after the Inauguration. In his first national television address he said:

> There were always those who told us that taxes couldn't be cut until spending is reduced. Well, you know we can lecture our children about extravagance until we run out of voice and breath. Or we can cut their extravagance by simply reducing their allowance.

And that is what he did in the 1981 tax act. On July 27, 1981, as the bill neared passage, I found myself on national television responding to a presidential plea to get on with it; urging that to the contrary things were getting out of hand, that the President needed to impose a measure of restraint: "In the last few days something like an auction of the Treasury has been going on. . . . What this is doing is taking a tax bill we could afford and transforming it into a great barbecue that we can't afford." The bill got worse yet, the likes of me voted for it, and the President signed it.

In exculpation, a number of us—myself, Sen. Sasser, and Sen. Riegle—quickly warned, and proposed as a budget proviso, that the Federal Reserve must not clamp down on money growth in response to the now inevitable deficit.

We lost. Money supply went negative. The nation dropped into the first depression in a half century. We tried again—myself and Sen. Hart (who did *not* vote for the tax bill)—with another budget proviso to manage money growth to promote economic growth. Too late.

The deficit began to change character, to become a built-in feature of the political economy rather than a policy choice incidental to the economic (or electoral) climate.

By now, the President had commenced his celebrated arms buildup. This was needed, and it had begun under his predecessor. But it now acquired a wholly different rationale. We stopped spending for the sake of defense and started spending for the sake of spending. How's that? you say. Well, say I, there you go again. *Listen* to the President. He has repeatedly said in public (and by accounts is even more explicit in private) that the only way to bring the Russians to their senses about arms reductions is to persuade them that if they get in a spending contest, we will still be spending when they go broke. Here he is in the *Wall Street Journal* of February 8:

> And I think the fact that we go (to Geneva) now with our own military build-up, with them seeing that the alternative to legitimate arms reduction could very well be an arms race with an industrial power that they know they cannot match; in other words, we're saying to them, "We're not going to let you get a monopoly on power to the point that you can start winning by simple ultimatums—threats of: 'Surrender or die'—so make up your mind. You either join in a legitimate reduction in which both of us will reduce in such a way that neither one of us represents a threat to the other, or you face that kind of a race."

Fruitless to say to the President: That commode seat cost too much; that if we have a B-1 bomber, maybe we don't need a Stealth bomber, or the other way around. The point is to make the point that it doesn't matter what things cost, or how much we duplicate: We can afford it!

At one level, this is a kind of genial potlatch. The President truly wants arms reductions and will pay anything to get them. At another level, it is too absolute, at least for my tastes as a liberal. One thinks of the Renaissance oath: *Fiat justitia et pereat mundus*—"Let justice be done, though the world perish."

What world? you say. I'll tell you what world. The world in which the American government was not only solvent, but was the symbol of the stability and prosperity of democratic government.

The deficits are going to kill that. They are now compounding, exactly as we said they would do. In his column in the *Washington Post* of February 10, David Broder wrote:

> The deficit is eating us alive; it's running away with us. And it can't be cured on the spending side, even if you swallow all Reagan's medicine.
>
> This is no big discovery on my part. Last September, Sen. Daniel P. Moynihan wrote that, "The interest deficit has begun to go out of control. In 1980, the Treasury spent $52 billion in interest payments. This year, the bill will reach $111 billion. By 1989, $214 billion. . . . What Lord Keynes called the 'magic of compound interest' works with debt as well as with savings. It starts slowly, then explodes."

In the President's new budget, we are told that next year, 18 percent of our revenues will come from borrowing, 15 percent of our outlays will go to interest payments. We are borrowing to pay interest: More and more of this interest goes abroad. We have near to doubled the national debt in his first term, we will near to triple it in two terms.

In that first term, for the first time since World War I, the United States became a net debtor, owing more to foreigners than they owe us. The United States of America in the American Century has become a debtor nation!

Oh, how we shall pay for this. Our children, grandchildren. It was in World War I that Britain got into our present situation by selling off its assets. At least they had an excuse of a war. All we have is a doctrine of government waste, and a theory of Soviet conduct.

When our turn comes again there really *will* be a crisis, but at least we will take it seriously *from the point of view of government.* I made this argument to the President at the Gridiron dinner in March 1981, his third month in office. I leave it with you to ponder:

> There are some people in this town just now who remind me of that character in one of Disraeli's novels who is described as a man "distinguished for ignorance as he had but one idea and that was wrong." Such are those who think they've seen the beginning of the end of the Democratic Party.
>
> Democrats lost an election last year but we did not lose a tradition. For ours is the oldest political party on Earth. We have known good times and bad. Sometimes we have merely endured. But more often we have prevailed because at heart we have embodied a great idea which is that an elected government can be the instrument of the common purpose of a free people; that government can embrace great causes; and do great things.
>
> There are limits, to be sure. Alfred Marshall once wrote: "Government is the most precious of human institutions; and no care can be too great to be spent on enabling it to do its work in the best way. A chief condition to that end is that it should not be set to work for which it is not specially qualified, under the conditions of time and place."
>
> It may be that Democrats have sometimes paid too little heed to Marshall's qualification. But we have never failed to respect his premise. A free government is indeed the most precious of institutions.
>
> We *believe* in American government and we fully expect that those who now denigrate it, and even despise it, will soon or late find themselves turning to it in necessity, even desperation. When they do, they will find the Democratic Party on hand to help.
>
> And when at length they learn how much is demanded of those who *would* govern—we *will* be back.
>
> In the meantime, Mr. President—seriously—good luck.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan is the senior Senator from New York.

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VICTOR NAVASKY

What is this "American liberalism as we once knew it"?

Cold War liberalism is alive and well in the Reagan Administration. Jeane Kirkpatrick has resigned but her perspective lives on in the assumption that the Third World is either an epithet or a pawn to be played in the effort to contain the Soviet superpower.

Welfare state liberalism is said to be dead on the theory that the social and economic justice schemes of the Great Society were tried and failed. In fact, because they were advanced against the backdrop of the Vietnam war most were never really tried, so rumors of the welfare state's death, as many a Head Start alumnus would attest, may be greatly exaggerated.

Neoliberalism is, at least according to the neoliberals, the high tech platform which will give candidates Hart or Bradley or Cuomo the edge over Vice President Bush in '88.

Then of course there are those R. Emmett Tyrrell really means when he refers to New Age liberals—the small-is-beautiful American Greens. They *are* small now, but their beauty grows increasingly alluring. The bioregionalists held their first conference ever in 1984—an achievement that many observers thought as absurd as the early gatherings of the Buckley-Goldwaterite *National Review* crowd a generation ago.

Liberalism is, without question, in semantic trouble. But the idea that there has been a liberal crack-up—as if the women's movement, the peace movement, the civil rights movement are history rather than harbinger—is a conservative fantasy.

Victor Navasky is editor of the Nation.

ROBERT D. NOVAK

Even liberals admit they are in disarray and decline, but their explanation points to what truly ails them. The fault, say today's liberals, is with the people. The citizenry is indicted for succumbing to Reaganite "selfishness." This break with the Jeffersonian populist tradition means that the liberals are aping the aristocrats of a century ago in confronting the people as a great beast to be feared and controlled.

Legacies of the populist mechanisms for direct public participation in the political process—referendum, initiative, recall, public review of judges—are under liberal attack. The hint that the drive for a balanced budget amendment to the Constitution might trigger a constitutional convention excites horror among liberals, who fear less that the delegates might not reflect the popular mood than that they probably would.

In their anti-populist mood, liberals do not so much criticize Walter F. Mondale for proposing higher taxes as they indict the voters for rejecting them. Michael Kinsley, writing as TRB in the *New Republic,* contends opportunists—meaning Ronald Reagan & Co.—"managed to convince the citizenry" that Mondale's tax increase was "an outrageous imposition." That, Kinsley continues, helped "create a political atmosphere in which politicians dread to propose anything that requires the least degree of sacrifice. . . ."

Such sentiment is increasingly expressed by liberal journalists and politicians. "Sacrifice" is the key word. The "True Patriotism" coined by Sen. Gary Hart in his resumed presidential bid is a call for "sacrifice." In some versions, it means restoring the military draft or establishing universal service. In all versions, it means the ordinary citizen sacrificing more of his paycheck so that the government may spend it as it sees fit.

A Bismarckian notion of the citizen in service to the state is an ironic and intolerable burden for liberalism. In a society whose members have come to view government as the problem rather than the solution, "neoliberals" Gary Hart and Michael Kinsley are demanding deference to the social engineers and professional politicians who have proved the bane of modern times.

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CHARLES PETERS

American liberalism has fallen victim to the politics of selfishness to which American conservatism succumbed long ago. There is a way out of this moral abyss. It is to appeal to the people's idealism and generosity instead of their self-interest. Republicans offer to make the rich richer. Democrats have a caucus for every conceivable racial and sexual group—the sadomasochists will no doubt be recognized at the next meeting of the DNC. Liberals should encourage us to laugh at these absurdities and challenge America to rise above our individual and group interests for the good of the national community. Ask people if they really mean it when they wave those flags. Are they willing to give two years to the service of their country, or do they want to continue the present disgraceful system under which the rich conservative and the limousine liberal bribe the poor to do the serving for them? Are they willing, in order to avoid the national bankruptcy threatened by continuing growth of the entitlement programs, to give up the government benefits they don't deserve—whether they are welfare cheats or the affluent receiving Social Security that is both beyond their needs and the amounts plus interest that they and their employers contributed to it? Are they—union members, managers, and stockholders alike—willing to forgo wage and salary and dividend increases in order to make our factories more competitive with the rest of the world?

I think the people will respond to this challenge to their altruism. Woodrow Wilson once said, "They call me an idealist. That's how I know I'm an American." But there is another side to Americans. They don't want to be suckers. That is why it is essential that the programs liberals propose must be fair to all. The sacrifice demanded of the worker, for example, must be shared by the employer. And with that fairness, the generosity and openness that is at the heart of the American character will triumph over the politics of selfishness.

Charles Peters is editor-in-chief of the Washington Monthly.

NORMAN PODHORETZ

As long ago as 1950, Lionel Trilling was saying that American liberalism had grown lazy and simplistic for lack of any serious intellectual challenge from conservative thought. Yet neither the emergence a few years later of the *National Review* nor the increasing influence in the fifties of such conservative thinkers as Leo Strauss, the early Hannah Arendt, and Russell Kirk had much effect on liberalism. Indeed, liberal self-assurance grew throughout the Eisenhower years, and finally reached heights of dizzying exaltation after the election of Kennedy. Nor did conservative criticism have much to do with the collapse of this self-confidence a few years later. It was an assault from the left rather than a challenge from the right that undermined the liberals. To be sure, the New Left would probably have failed in this campaign if not for the fact that the three wars launched by liberalism in the sixties—the one against Communism in Vietnam, and the two at home against racial discrimination and poverty—were all felt to have been lost, thus discrediting in the eyes of most liberals themselves their own ideas about foreign policy, about social policy, and about economic policy. Into this vacuum of demoralization the ideas not of the right but of the New Left came pouring in. The result was the conversion of liberalism from containment to neo-isolationism, from anti-discrimination to preferential treatment, and from economic growth to redistributionism.

Since this catastrophic conversion was consummated, liberalism has if anything become even more morally smug than before (only liberals are "compassionate"), but it has suffered both a decline in intellectual standing and an even steeper decline in political power. The result has been a gradual and a grudging acknowledgment that something has gone wrong and a search for "new ideas." But what liberalism needs is not new ideas; it needs to rediscover the "old" ideas to which it was committed before it began groveling at the feet of the radical young of the sixties. Unfortunately for the liberals, Ronald Reagan, a former liberal himself, has carried most of these ideas with him into the Republican party, which means that the liberals will have to steal back something they once owned and then precipitously and prematurely threw away. It remains to be seen whether they will ever recover themselves enough even to try.

Norman Podhoretz is the editor of Commentary.

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William Tucker

THE UNJUST WORLD OF BERNHARD GOETZ

But it helps to have Barry Slotnick for a lawyer.

The other day I was talking to a neighbor of mine in Brooklyn. He's a nice, mild-mannered fellow who has the lead in an Off-Broadway show called *The Little Shop of Horrors*, in which he plays a nice, mild-mannered fellow who raises plants that eat people.

"I've had it," he told me, "I'm not taking any more of this crap. I'm going to get myself a gun and defend myself. It's the only way to handle these guys."

It made me feel once again that, in New York at least, it's getting harder and harder to tell the difference between art and real life.

Something very eerie, frightening, and ultimately tragic is going on in New York City right now. On December 22, 1984, as all the world knows, a mild-mannered electronics engineer named Bernhard Goetz decided he was mad as hell and wasn't going to take it anymore. When four black youths started harassing him for five dollars on the downtown IRT at one o'clock in the afternoon, he pulled out a gun and shot them, paralyzing one kid for life.

I may be going out on a limb here, but at the moment Goetz fired his shots, I doubt if there were twelve adults in New York, rich or poor, white or black, who hadn't had the same fantasy. I know I've imagined doing it myself many times.

If there was anybody in New York who didn't immediately regard Goetz as a hero, they were being awfully quiet about it. The police set up a "hotline" looking for tips on the suspect. Instead, they were deluged with hundreds of calls expressing support. Mayor Koch made a few cautionary remarks about "vigilantism," and got hundreds of letters from all over the country telling him to shut up.

Long-time liberal columnists were leading the chorus. Mike Royko, the scourge of Mayor Daley's law-and-order administration, said he had changed his mind about law enforcement after being robbed at gunpoint only a few months ago. "I'm glad Goetz shot them," Royko pronounced. "The four punks looked for trouble and they found it. Case closed." Even *New York Times* columnist Sidney Schanberg, who usually spends his time bashing landlords, admitted that people might be getting fed up with crime.

Lars-Erik Nelson, the *Daily News*'s most staunchly liberal columnist, probably offered the keenest insight:

> If Goetz had shot four youths attempting to murder him, he would have been a momentary celebrity. What has made him a hero is that he shot four insufferable thugs attempting a routine petty ripoff—the kind the cops and courts laugh at.

Comparing Goetz's volley to "the first shot fired at Lexington and Concord," Nelson quoted Lincoln as to the public's "revolutionary right to dismember and overthrow" the "absolute Despotism of the criminal justice system." Keep in mind that this is a columnist who went right to the bottom with Walter Mondale's ship last November, and who hasn't said a nice thing about Ronald Reagan since he left Hollywood.

The incredible truth the Goetz incident revealed is that just about every fourth person in New York has already been the victim of a crime. When Goetz's bail was set at $50,000, several mugging victims offered to pay the whole thing. (I've never been able to understand the difference between a "mugging" and an "armed robbery," but the operational definition of a mugging seems to be "an armed robbery committed by a black teenager.")

Lawyers were falling all over each other for the chance to handle Goetz's case. Joseph Kelner, who finally won the non-trial portion, is a long-time liberal who represented the families of the victims at Kent State in 1970. He has been mugged twice—once in the driveway of his home on Long Island, and once in the men's room of his office, where he was beaten unconscious. As Harvard crime expert James Q. Wilson commented: "There aren't any liberals left in New York. They've all been mugged by now."

In retrospect, it seemed miraculous it had never happened before. Consider, for example, this letter to the *Daily News* from a man in California, who wrote about his brother-in-law, a "gentle, kind man, and conscientious objector from the Korean War," who was robbed at gunpoint by four teenagers outside a Manhattan hotel in 1982.

> Without protest, he handed over his wallet and $3,000 in traveler's checks to the hoods. Then they beat him to the ground, slashing him through his suit coat, around his arms and shoulders. He was protecting his face. He wasn't protective enough. At a New York hospital, his left eye had to be removed.
>
> That assault has changed his personality completely. He carries a pistol with him now at all times. Business takes him to New York four or five times a year. He walks along dark streets at night hoping someone will attempt to mug him again.
>
> I've tried to reason with him, warning him that he might kill an innocent person. But his bitterness and rage have consumed him.

Perhaps the best measure of public opinion came from another letter to the *Daily News*, which was mildly critical of Goetz:

> A few months ago I was riding the subway about 2 AM in the morning on a weeknight. Three blacks strolled into the car as the train was moving. Two carried short pieces of pipe, wrapped with electricians' tape at one end. One carried a child's baseball bat. They were shouting and teasing the passengers in the car. They reached a quiet black man, fairly well-dressed, reading a newspaper. I don't know if they began harassing him, or if he beat them to the punch—it happened very quickly. He pulled out a large revolver and began screaming at the boys. He ordered them off the train as we were pulling into 42nd Street. The

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boys muttered and cursed, but they didn't give the appearance of wanting to stay and argue.

Recalling the incident, I can't help but think that Bernhard Goetz was not really reacting properly to his situation. Perhaps he was acting out a fantasy. Shooting all four youths was surely excessive.

In 1984, the question wasn't whether you should carry a gun with you on the subway. The ethics revolved around when and where to use it. It wasn't exactly as Orwell imagined it. Maybe it was a bit worse.

I've been studying the judicial system in New York and around the country for about a year in preparation for a book I'm writing on crime. The one sure thing I've been able to conclude so far is that the justice system, and the people who run it, are totally inadequate to the task society expects of them.

Judges are simply lost in the minutiae of the law. They shut out common sense at every turn. They sit on the bench dotting all the *i*'s and crossing the *t*'s, and when they have a paragon of perfect penmanship they say, "There, I've done my job." Society can be burning down around them—murders can be committed right in the back of the courtroom—and they will be entirely oblivious.

Each year, the New York City Bar Association holds a retreat in Westchester County for the city's criminal-justice establishment. Only a month before the 1983 conference, federal judge Morris Lasker had ordered 613 accused felons freed from New York City jails because he thought they were overcrowded. At the same time, Judge Lasker was holding up the opening of 673 new cells on Riker's Island, because he thought they weren't safe enough. One of his concerns was that prisoners on the third tier of the cell block might fall over a railing and hurt themselves.

The released felons went on a crime spree that rocked New York. A Harlem woman was raped within 24 hours by a man who had a nine-page criminal record, including seven prior convictions. The rapist was easily apprehended because he had bragged to her that he was one of the criminals just let out in the "jailbreak."

So what did the City Bar Association choose to talk about at its annual retreat? The subject was "The Criminal Justice System and the Public: Are They Communicating?" which quickly degenerated into "Why Is the Press Saying Such Bad Things About Us?" For two days, judges and attorneys whined about the "bad impression" the public was getting of them. It wasn't until the last few hours of the conference that one lawyer finally wondered aloud if press coverage had really been all that bad. Instead, it was decided the public "hadn't been properly prepared" for the mass release of criminals.

Judges rarely meet the victims of crime. Rather, they see an ongoing parade of surly, hostile youths—in New York almost all of them black or Hispanic—who are making a steady climb up the criminal ladder from petty harassments and purse-snatchings to rape and armed robbery. (The average defendant appearing in Manhattan Criminal Court has seven prior arrests.)

These are not the "juvenile delinquents" and car thiefs of yesteryear—the ones about whom sociologists are always saying we should "let them grow out of it" before "branding" them as "real criminals." These are young hoodlums who are often committing major felonies by the time they are 15.

Let there be no doubt about it. These kids are unquestionably the "victims" of their circumstances. They are growing up in a culture where 75 percent of all young people live without fathers. Practically the only adult males they ever encounter are the junkies, pimps, pushers, and ex-prisoners who populate the streets.

It is perfectly obvious that, in committing crimes, these kids are doing one thing. They are attempting to prove their manhood. Like all youths who don't have readily available male role models, they think violence is the mark of a "real man." They have created a small subculture in which the willingness to do random violence is only a matter of "having heart."

There is nothing society can do but punish such people. We can sociologize and psychologize them to death ("crime is a way of life," "they're only imitating their peers"), but that doesn't make them any less dangerous. We can "put ourselves in their place," but that doesn't mean they will act the way we want them to. Eventually, we have to put ourselves in *our* place—or at least their victims' place—and admit there are people out there who'd just as soon blow your head off as empty your wallet.

Most important, the people who are most at risk are not the cab-hopping columnists who babble about criminals as "America's first line of defense in the battle for civil liberties." The people who are most endangered are the millions of hard-working blacks and other poor people who are infinitely more likely to be actual victims of crime.

As Harvard crime expert James Q. Wilson commented: "There aren't any liberals left in New York. They've all been mugged by now."

Claude Brown, the 46-year-old author of *Manchild in the Promised Land*, which chronicled his own upbringing in Harlem during the 1940s, has been conducting long interviews with black street kids and prison inmates, preparing to write another book about contemporary ghetto life. He has been absolutely horrified at the things he is finding out.

In a lengthy piece in the *New York Times* last September, Brown recorded one of his confrontations:

> Manchild 1984 is the product of a society so rife with violence that killing a mugging or robbery victim is now fashionable.
>
> "That's what they do now," the 16-year-old Harlemite said.
>
> "That's what who does now?" I asked, not understanding.
>
> "You know, you take their stuff and you pop (shoot) them."
>
> "You mean shooting the victim is in style now like wearing a pair of Pony jogging shoes or a Pierre Cardin suit?"
>
> "Yeah, it's wrong to kill somebody. But you gotta have dollars, right?"

• • •

For more than a year, I was thoroughly baffled by the apparently senseless and often maniacal, rampant killings of mugging and robbery victims. According to what I had gathered . . . it was as though shooting the victim had become an integral part of the crime. . . .

I had been talking to young men in the prisons and on the ghetto streets—prisons without bars—but I wasn't comprehending what they were telling me. Perhaps what I was hearing was too mind-boggling, too ghastly to understand: "Murder is in style now. . . . "

One 18-year-old convict became genuinely puzzled by Brown's attempts to turn him from crime. "If I die," he told Brown, "all my problems are solved, right? And if I get shot in the spine, then I get welfare. So what's the problem?" Brown concluded:

> This is the new manchild enigma. He is so deadly and cynically rational that he is terrifying. I was actually pleased to learn [this criminal] was serving a 15-year sentence. It would be twice as comforting to know this young cynic was doing a 30-year bit. . . .
>
> It is disturbing to consider that murder is the style among young muggers and that the style among the New York political liberal establishment is anti-capital-punishment, and how well the two styles complement each other.

Judges, of course, don't know any of this yet. They have walled themselves behind a barricade of procedural niceties and judicial "independence." To them, public fears about crime are only the concoctions of sensationalist newspapers. I have yet to meet a judge in New York who thinks there is anything wrong with the system—except for two things: first, that prosecutors have too much power; and second, that the poor do not get good enough legal representation.

Sitting in the courtroom for days on end, I have seen obviously dangerous people turned loose while awaiting trial in a dreary procession of "ROR's" ("released on their own recognizance," meaning no bail). One 16-year-old accused rapist was "ROR'd" with the instruction "not to go near this young girl again." Another young mugger was freed because he demonstrated "community ties" by producing his

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mother's phone number. No wonder there are 300,000 outstanding fugitive warrants in New York City.

When these accused criminals are released pending trial, the judges always give them a fixed instruction that I find fascinating. They say: "You are not to commit any further crimes while you are out on your own recognizance."

Where does the public fit into all this? Constitutionally, the public is supposed to be represented by the jury—twelve average citizens chosen at random from the population. In practice, however, lawyers and judges have conspired to keep even the slightest element of randomness—and thus any true public representation—out of the process. Jury selections at criminal trials can often take weeks. Everyone dies of boredom while the lawyers try to secure "a jury that is impartial in my favor."

The great "reforms" of the system over the past twenty-five years—the Miranda rule on confessions, the exclusionary rule on searches and seizures—have actually been carefully crafted tactics to reduce the jury's role in trial procedures. Every criminal trial in this country now begins with an "evidentiary hearing," in which the judges and attorneys decide among themselves what portions of the case will be admitted before the jury. The key to defense work, of course, is to exclude as much of the case as possible on technicalities. As Ernest van den Haag says: "For all the jury ever hears, they might as well be in Cloud-Cuckoo-Land. They are often the least informed body in the courtroom."

The criminal justice system has become a closed club, run of the lawyers, by the lawyers, and for the lawyers. The public is regarded, at best, as a nuisance—a gaggle of uneducated people who aren't qualified to make decisions, and "don't understand how the system works."

What judges and lawyers seem to have no concept of is that the justice system *belongs* to the public. It is there to protect it from criminals and violent people. Far more important, the justice system is a dramatic forum in which a society's concept of right and wrong, good and evil, can be played out in full public view every day. As Robert Frost once put it: "Society can never think things out:/It has to see them acted out by actors,/Devoted actors at a sacrifice."

This public responsibility was overwhelmingly betrayed by the judges, prosecutors, and defense attorneys in the case of Bernhard Goetz.

Goetz seemed determined to make the system work right, even if it meant making it work upon himself.

Last summer, I ended up in the offices of Barry Slotnick, one of New York's most successful defense attorneys. I had picked his name out of the phone book, along with a half-a-dozen others, to interview for my book. As soon as I got into his office, I knew I had stumbled into something big.

By sheer chance, Slotnick's picture had been on the front page of the newspaper that morning. The FBI had just completed a big roundup of Mafiosi, and some of them were just gathering in his office when I arrived. It turned out that he had built a significant portion of his career around being the "smart kid" for the Colombo mob—with lots of "pro bono" work thrown in.

In the hour I spent in his office, Slotnick showed me dimensions of criminal law that I had only vaguely imagined.

"You challenge everything," he started off. "You don't let anything get by." What he was talking about, of course, were the many "exclusionary rules," those bizarre distortions of American justice which say that if the police have made any kind of procedural mistake in gathering the evidence—right down to a typing error on a search warrant—the evidence can be thrown out of the case as if it never existed. (Fortunately, the Supreme Court has just tacked a "good-faith amendment" onto the exclusionary rule with regard to searches and seizures under the Fourth Amendment. The "good faith" rule says that if the police act in "good faith" in trying to conform with the law on searches and seizures, the evidence may still be admissible. Predictably, Slotnick called this "a repeal of the Fourth Amendment.")

I already knew quite a bit about how the exclusionary rules work. But Slotnick added another dimension to defense work I had only vaguely guessed at. "You can't win cases straight on—nobody wins cases straight on," he told me. "You can't just rely on reasonable doubt. You've got to think of a theory. You have to offer the jury an alternative interpretation to what they're hearing. You have to present them with a different way of looking at the facts."

Slotnick called this approach "ingenious statements in improbable situations." I have come to think of it as the "bizarre counter-interpretations" method.

Most good defense attorneys now consistently employ this strategy. Slotnick, for example, once defended a free-lance con man in Albany who had convinced the podiatrists of New York state that he could bribe the State Legislature into killing a bill that was going to eliminate podiatry from Medicaid coverage. He raised several thousand dollars among them in the process, and was eventually charged with attempted bribery.

"I opened it up with 'The Sting,'" Slotnick told me. "I told the jury, 'Sure, my guy was telling the podiatrists that he was going to bribe the legislature. But that didn't mean he was going to do it. He was just stealing from them. This isn't a case of bribery. My client should be charged with grand larceny.'"

The jury bought it. But when the state brought charges of grand larceny shortly afterwards, Slotnick had them killed as double jeopardy. "One of the jurors called me up and said, 'Hey, you tricked us on that. That wasn't fair,'" said Slotnick. "But then he added, 'If I ever need a lawyer, though, I'll probably call you up.'"

Slotnick had a whole bag of tricks. He once defended two Hassidic Jews who were part of a mob that put a would-be mugger in a coma. "All Hassidic Jews look alike," Slotnick told the jury, and argued that the police could not possibly have picked his clients out of the crowd. The jury let them go. "It was a trick," he admitted, "but it was a good trick."

Another time he defended a policeman who had been charged with violating the Fourth Amendment by placing an illegal wiretap on a suspected narcotics peddler. "I practically admitted my client's guilt," he said, "but I told the jury that if they convicted him, no one would ever take a job as a New York City policeman again. The jury bought it, and he was acquitted."

Altogether, he told me, his trial record has been 69 acquittals, two convictions. I wasn't surprised at all, then, when I picked up the newspaper in January and read that celebrated criminal attorney Barry Slotnick would be heading up the trial portion of Bernhard Goetz's defense. (Kelner, the attorney who was mugged in his driveway, is handling the motions.) The newspapers described Slotnick as a "brilliant courtroom tactician" who rarely loses a case.

There were indeed many reasons for believing that Bernhard Goetz deserved to be prosecuted, and even convicted, for what he did. He was not entirely the hero people were making him out to be. It was fairly obvious that he had been nursing a grudge, and that his attack had been more than just "self-defense." His gun was loaded with hollow-nosed bullets. Two of the youths had been shot in the back while running away. On the day Goetz made bail, the one who had been paralyzed sank into a coma, and later lost higher brain functions. It was possible that Goetz could be indicted for murder.

The incident, of course, had enormous racial implications. Despite all the care that the newspapers take to disguise the facts, most petty muggings and "stranger" murders in New York

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City are committed by young blacks or Hispanics. (The *New York Times*, for example, will never mention the race of the perpetrator, even while giving a detailed description of what he was wearing. The only exception is when the attacker is white and the victim is black. Then race is mentioned explicitly, and the attack is described as "racially motivated." The interesting result is that, when the race of the attacker is not specified, you generally assume the individual must have been black.)

What was most interesting about the Goetz incident, however, was that black people responded almost the same as white people. A *New York Times* poll showed that whites approved of Goetz's action by 56-26 percent, while blacks supported it by 45-33 percent. Moreover, 46 percent of blacks thought crime in New York was worse than anywhere else, while only 33 percent of whites felt the same—a figure that obviously reflects black people's more frequent encounters as victims.

Newspaper columnists and television commentators, rounding up the usual suspects, were astounded to find Roy Innes, head of the Congress of Racial Equality and one of the country's oldest civil-rights leaders, offering to pay Goetz's legal fees even before he turned himself in. The Guardian Angels, the volunteer anti-crime patrols, who are almost entirely black and Puerto Rican, were raising bail money for Goetz, and marched in his support at Riker's Island. Curtis Sliwa, the founder of the Guardian Angels, vituperated against "attorneys who get a vicarious thrill in getting some punk off when they know he's guilty."

Because none of these people "balanced" the story into the familiar stereotypes, the press gradually moved over to one Rev. Al Sharpton, head of a previously unheralded group called the Brooklyn Youth Movement. Sharpton's main virtue was that he spoke in the reassuring fulminations of the 1960s. He warned of a "violent backlash from black youth" if Goetz was not convicted of attempted murder, and set up a vigil for the paralyzed youth, to which about twelve people came. Rev. Sharpton's apparent qualification for this meteoric rise from obscurity was that he was one of the last black people left in New York who wasn't fed up with crime.

So the stage was set for a cathartic courtroom drama. Goetz, of course, was nothing if not a figure of rectitude. He seemed determined to make the system work right, even if it meant making it work upon himself. He refused outside offers to pay his $50,000 bail, and spent a week at Riker's Island, wearing the same suit of clothes, before finally bailing himself out on his own money. When his first attorney started cooking up an "insanity" defense, Goetz fired him. The constant report was that he only wanted to "tell his story and let the jury decide."

Obviously New York had a lot of soul-searching to do. Could such deliberately attempted assassinations go unpunished? Granted, you don't have to go far on the subways to encounter young thugs, but is lying in wait for them with a loaded revolver really "self-defense"? How long will it be before some self-appointed vigilante shoots a few innocent people—as Goetz himself easily could have done?

At the same time, I don't think Goetz ever would have been convicted. A jury of seven blacks and five whites would have deliberated for days before finding him innocent of attempted murder, but guilty on the gun charge. Every neighborhood in the city would have wanted to give the jurors a ticker-tape parade. But at least the public would have had its say.

"I wish the roles had been reversed, so the perpetrator was black and the kids white," said Harlem Congressman Charles Rangel. "Then we'd see if there would have been an indictment."

It was not to be. The lawyers proved once again to be far too clever. Instead, the courts handed down a totally unsatisfying verdict that only proved what everyone knew anyway—that the justice system can't punish anyone. Incredibly, it managed to turn a situation that had galvanized every New Yorker's outrage against crime into just another dreary "racial incident."

The key was New York's law on "transactional immunity," an odd system whereby a person called to testify before a grand jury is given blanket immunity for any crimes that are mentioned in his testimony. A much more sensible system would be the "use immunity" of the federal system, where a witness's grand jury testimony cannot be used against him but he can be prosecuted on the basis of other evidence. Transactional immunity only benefits criminal defendants, but defense attorneys control several key committees of the State Legislature, so it has been very hard to dislodge.

Slotnick explained to me how he owed his first big success as a criminal attorney to transactional immunity.

"I got my big break in New York about 15 years ago, when the district attorney was trying to nail Joe Colombo," he said. "The D.A. called Colombo in and told him he was going to grant him blanket immunity in order to make him testify about his criminal activities. For years they'd been calling these guys in, but none of them would ever talk. They have an oath of silence among themselves.

"Colombo went on the stand and said nothing, so they put him in jail for a month for contempt of court.

"When he got out, they started the same thing all over. They were just going to keep putting him in jail. So he came to see me.

"I said to him, 'Let's not run to jail, let's just walk.' I explained to him how this 'immunity bath' works, and told him to go ahead and testify. Colombo went on the stand and started answering questions. The D.A.'s were dumbfounded. They knew that as soon as he mentioned something, he couldn't be prosecuted for it. So they sent him home."

The situation created a peculiar problem for District Attorney Robert Morgenthau. Both parties could be charged with commiting crimes. Getting either the four youths or Goetz to testify would mean getting either of them to waive their immunity or giving up the case against them altogether.

The four youths, of course, didn't want to give up their chance to get off the hook, so they refused to go before the grand jury. That left Goetz. He actually wanted to testify, but his attorneys talked him out of it. "We had to spend hours and hours, but we finally convinced him," said Kelner. "I wouldn't have minded a trial," Slotnick told me. "I'm sure we could have won. But the kid he shot might have died by then, and with a dead body around . . . you never know. Basically, I didn't want him to be questioned before the grand jury by a hostile D.A."

As a result of these proceedings, the grand jury failed to indict Goetz for attempted murder. He was only charged with carrying an unlicensed gun. Slotnick insists that he is going to let Goetz stand trial for the gun charge, but somehow I have my doubts. I would bet it will be plea-bargained out to something like two-years' probation. In any case, the trial on a gun charge will hardly have the emotional impact of a trial for assault or attempted murder.

The predictable result of all this, of course, was that it looked as if Goetz was getting off because he is white.

Within days, Rev. Sharpton was asking the Justice Department to prosecute Goetz on the grounds that he shot the four youths only because they were black. By now, he was collecting considerable support. Black politicians, who so far had been notably silent, were suddenly coming out of the woodwork. They charged the "white power structure" had fixed Goetz's case as if it were nothing more than a parking ticket. "I wish the roles had been reversed, so the perpetrator was black and the kids were white," said Harlem Congressman Charles Rangel, who had not spoken previously on the incident. "Then we'd see if there would have been an indictment."

Another letter to the *Daily News* said it all:

> I can't believe that Goetz got away with murder. I'm a Puerto Rican mother of three, and ride the subway all the time to work. I've been raped more than once, robbed and beaten up on my way to work. Twice it happened on the train. Believe me, I've been in danger more than once. But because I'm Puerto Rican I'd be in jail in a second if I were to take the law into my own hands. Things would have been different if I was white like Bernhard Goetz.

Goetz, far from being a public hero, had simply become another shadowy reprobate hiding behind his lawyers. Every day, Slotnick and Kelner had a new manifesto proclaiming his innocence. "My client is not a racist, nor did he violate anyone's civil rights," announced Kelner, already preparing for the federal case. "He is not a vigilante. A vigilante is one who lies in wait for an opportunity to spring on somebody and take out his hate or vengeance. My client was a peaceful, shy, ordinary, humble human being."

A peaceful, shy, ordinary, humble human being with a .38 in his pocket. No wonder criminals and attorneys get along so well. Neither of them ever knows when they are telling the truth.

I suspect the results are likely to be disastrous. The conclusion that criminals and their potential victims will draw are obvious—anyone can get away with anything. The system can't punish anyone. If middle-class white people start acting like criminals, then they can get away with it, too.

The courts and the jury rooms are no longer a place where the public can find its instinctive sense of right and wrong reaffirmed. The only way to enforce the law is to take it into your own hands. This self-imposed abdication by the justice system is nothing more than an invitation to a new "arms race" between criminals and their victims all across America. □

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Karl O'Lessker

DEMOCRACY IN THE THIRD WORLD: EGYPT'S HIGH-RISK EXPERIMENT

We have no choice but to be patient—and generous.

Still groggy from his own country's presidential campaign, an American visitor to Egypt these days might be excused for thinking he had stumbled into another: President Hosni Mubarak's pictures are *everywhere*—on lamp posts, billboards, construction sites, kiosks, and of course all public buildings. But Mr. Mubarak isn't running for re-election; he's "running" for the very survival of Egypt's high-risk experiment in democracy.

Westerners often find it hard to grasp not only how risky but how ambiguous a business democracy is for most Third World countries. We tend to see it as an either/or proposition: A political system is either democratic or it isn't, according to certain well-defined criteria, and don't try to fool us with hypocritical rhetoric and phony plebiscites, thank you very much. So when a nation like Egypt holds more-or-less free elections under carefully controlled conditions with the semblance of a multiparty system and a reasonably free press, we really don't know quite what to make of it. Add to that the accurate perception of risk, of contingency—any day Egypt's present system could collapse in a hail of gunfire or under the hammer blows of economic catastrophe—and our inclination is simply to write the country off as anything deserving the name of democracy.

The Egyptians themselves, at least the government officials and university professors I talked to at some length last November, see the situation as rather more complex. They are not uncomfortable with terms like "limited" or "authoritarian" democracy. Recognizing the width of the gulf between a classic presidential or parliamentary democracy and their own hybrid version of the two, they nevertheless insist that Westerners ought to assess Egypt's system in dynamic and evolutionary terms rather than in the static, either/or terms we feel happier with. Indeed, they argue, the important question is not whether Egypt *is* a democracy but whether it will have any chance to become the sort that even the most culture-bound Westerner will accept.

Yes, but what about Mubarak's pictures everywhere? Aren't they the clearest possible sign of a developing "cult of personality," the very antithesis of any authentic move toward democracy? The answer is almost certainly no. Doubtless Hosni Mubarak, like anybody in politics anywhere, enjoys the psychological perks of highest office—the adulation of the masses, the lavish praise of his associates in government. But that does not appear to be the major, or even an important, reason for these public displays. Rather, they seem to be an attempt to inculcate and nurture in the Egyptian people an emotional attachment to the regime largely missing since the death of Gamal Abdel Nasser in 1970, and in Egypt, as in all but a very few nations in the world today, attachment to a regime must begin with the regime personified—not with an abstract constitutional order.

All authoritarian leaders recognize this, of course, especially in the new nations of the world, where exalting the leader is a major function of government. In most cases, though, the ruler and the regime are indistinguishable, the ruler having no discernible aspirations for the system beyond his own lifetime and perhaps that of his immediate family. But that is clearly not the case in Egypt. Unlike his predecessor, Anwar el-Sadat, whose sense of personal identification with the nation bordered on egomania, Mubarak sees himself and his role with an exemplary unillusioned toughmindedness. He clearly regards himself as the best man to lead Egypt through immensely difficult times. Just as clearly, his highest ambition is to leave a stable constitutional—and more democratic—regime behind him when he steps down from the presidency in (he now thinks) 1993.

It won't, to put it mildly, be easy. While the world's Egypt-watchers focus most of their attention on its international relations, the greatest threat to its stability is not international but economic. (Not that the two are wholly separable: Peace with Israel cost Egypt dearly in terms of investment and aid from other Arab nations, an amount only partially offset by increased aid from the U.S.) Its population of 48 million is growing at the rate of almost 1.3 million a year—2.7 percent, or more than a third higher than the world rate—and 37 percent of the people live below the poverty level. Unemployment is running at about 10 percent, but the more insidious problem is underemployment, which may be as high as 30 percent. In a 1982 study for the U.S. Department of the Army, Darrel Eglin noted that "in urban areas millions of people make a living as casual, unskilled laborers, as street vendors, part-time construction workers, or in other marginal activities. Because overstaffing was used to combat unemployment, a substantial number of public sector workers were also underemployed." And yet, as several top officials told me last fall, there is also a serious labor *shortage* in the country—a shortage, of course, of skilled and semi-skilled workers, hundreds of thousands of whom have taken jobs in other Arab countries and without whose brain-and-muscle power Egypt's economic development plans must falter. Economics Minister Dr. Mustafa el-Said cited this "inability to optimize the use of Egypt's manpower" as the greatest

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obstacle his nation's economy faces.

Other problems include a current inflation rate of about 30 percent, a trade deficit equivalent to 12 percent of gross domestic product, the sharply rising cost of food subsidies (up 22 percent this year over 1983), and a shocking 29 percent increase in the volume of foreign debt (to $15.1 billion) in the last two years. Little wonder, then, that Dr. el-Said considers his two largest tasks to be a reduction of inflationary pressures and an increase in exports. As to the former, government policies have apparently enjoyed some success in the past several years: As recently as 1981-82 the inflation rate was 44 percent.

The trade deficit, however, presents a more intractable problem. Imports, especially of basic foods, have been rising much more swiftly than exports. When I asked Dr. el-Said whether Egypt oughtn't to place more urgent emphasis on increasing its food production, he snapped back, "We want to become self-reliant, not self-sufficient." The practical implications of this reasonable enough desire all point in the direction of sharp increases in exports—raw materials and manufactured goods—but it is not at all clear how this is to be done. One obvious handicap is the world oil glut and consequent fall in prices. This blow to its export earnings is made doubly painful by Egypt's own continuing growth in oil usage at heavily subsidized prices (a gallon of gasoline still costs only about 45 cents). Nor does one hear a persuasive case being made by officials as to which other commodities for export will take up the slack in oil revenues.

Even worse from a budgeting perspective are the heavy subsidies of food the government continues to provide. A loaf of bread still costs only a penny and, as foreign observers never fail to point out, farmers feed it to their livestock because it's cheaper than grain. Such unparalleled generosity cost the Treasury about $7 billion last year—out of a total budget of only $22 billion. When asked how they can possibly justify this sort of profligacy, government leaders—for example, the Speaker of the People's Assembly, Dr. Rifaat el-Mahgoub, in private life one of Egypt's most distinguished and influential economists—talk of the overriding need to strike a balance between social and economic imperatives. In plainer terms, the government, at least since the price riots of 1977, has been nearly paralyzed with fear of the *political* consequences of reducing subsidies.

So it was that when modest price increases were put into effect last fall, a few scattered protest demonstrations were all it took to get the government to retreat. The reason, of course, is not the sort of political cowardice we see in the West among politicians who have to face the electorate at regular intervals; it is concern for the very survival of Egypt's political system. Whatever the ordinary peasants and workers may think of the present regime (in the absence of reliable opinion surveys that's anybody's guess), no one doubts the existence of powerful forces that are deeply inimical to it and are waiting to seize any opportunity to bring it down. In this light, the impatience of Western economists and diplomats with Cairo's reluctance to "set its economic house in order" is badly misplaced. Mubarak and his lieutenants are not competing in a popularity contest, not even an electoral one, and they are neither stupid nor unschooled. They are just as cognizant as anyone in the World Bank, the IMF, or the State Department of the heavy economic costs they continue to incur because of current subsidy policies. But far more than their critics they are aware of the political risks they must run in pursuit of economic rationality.

Having invested so much of our vital national interests in the survival of Israel, we now have as great an interest in the survival of a moderate regime in Egypt.

In these circumstances the government's apparent determination to proceed this spring with major subsidy reductions on food and energy looks positively heroic. Waiting in the wings to capitalize on any serious disturbances that may erupt are two major opposition forces, the Moslem fundamentalists and a shadowy coalition of leftists, both operating essentially outside the constitutional order. In addition there is the rightist New Wafd party, which is certainly hostile to the Mubarak government and to much of the system that has evolved since the 1952 revolution; but, unlike the other two forces, it enjoys legal sanction as a political party and managed to win 58 of the 448 elected seats in last May's parliamentary elections. Among those I asked about it, none thought it likely that the Wafd would engage in armed insurrection against the regime in the event of 1977-style riots.

The fundamentalist and leftist opposition, by contrast, scarcely bother to conceal their mortal enmity toward the existing order. Given the chance, either would sweep it away, playing Khomeini to the Shah or Lenin to Kerensky. And widespread riots in 1985 would be far more hazardous to the regime's survival than were those in 1977. For one thing, the Shah was still firmly in power eight years ago and the Mullahs of Iran offered no glittering example for Egypt's fundamentalists to follow. For another, President Sadat had not yet concluded his peace treaty with Israel, destroying Egypt's preeminence in the Arab world and burdening its opinion leaders with a heavy sense of guilt and alienation.

Another great imponderable is how the army would respond to widespread civil unrest. Although President Mubarak appears to be well respected by the senior military and there is no evidence that the army has suffered any serious infiltration by leftists, fundamentalist influence appears to be widespread throughout the rank-and-file and among elements of the officer corps. It would be difficult for Mubarak to have much confidence in the army should there be a full-scale fundamentalist-led uprising in the wake of urban disorders this year.

On the other hand, as David Ottaway pointed out in his series of *Washington Post* articles this past January, the government in preparing to reduce subsidies "is proceeding gradually and by stealth" wherever possible, avoiding large pronouncements, nibbling away at the foundations of the subsidy system rather than dynamiting it all at once. And this new approach just may work. If the public can be induced to accept small changes phased in a few at a time, the likelihood of insurrection will lessen and the economy will be in a position to grow fast enough, relative to both population and imports, to make a difference. There really is no alternative. The revolution that Egypt's government may avoid this year will come another year, as inevitably as the flooding of the Nile, if the economy collapses under the weight of trade deficits and foreign debt and is no longer able to buy the food to feed its people.

The United States should not minimize the seriousness of the situation. It doesn't take much to imagine what the Middle East would look like were Egypt to become a radical fundamentalist state on the Iranian model or a radical leftist one on the Syrian or Iraqi model. Israel's very existence would soon be placed in the direst jeopardy, and the United States would then have to choose between direct military intervention to save it—with all the fearful danger of armed confrontation with the Soviet Union—and allowing it to be destroyed—along with our entire position and prestige in the region. Having invested so much of our vital national interests in the survival of Israel, we now have as great an interest in the survival of a moderate regime in Egypt.

What then can the U.S. do to maximize that regime's chances to survive? Clearly economic aid is the prime requisite and we have already given Egypt a substantial amount—$10 billion since 1975, $2.2 billion during the present fiscal year alone. But it is inconceivable that we could provide enough additional aid to serve as a cure, rather than merely a palliative, for its present economic woes. For one thing, since Camp David we have been virtually obligated to provide matching funds to both Egypt and Israel: What we give one we must give the other. This makes little sense economically or strategically, but politically it is unavoidable. More importantly, as we have seen elsewhere in the world, aid can too easily become an excuse for delaying the hard decisions essential to the solution of deep-rooted problems.

In Egypt's case, however, a favorable response to President Mubarak's latest request for increased U.S. aid would make sense. For one thing, Cairo appears determined to go ahead with its high-risk but necessary economic reform measures, and the additional assistance we can provide will only increase its chances for success. For another, the stakes are simply too high to do otherwise: For better or worse, our security interests in the Middle East are inextricably tied to those of Egypt and Israel and the collapse or destruction of either would be a far greater disaster than the loss of Vietnam.

Assume, now, that Egypt somehow pulls it off—manages to rationalize its crazy-quilt relations between public and private sectors and creates a healthier balance between consumption and production. What are the prospects for continuing or even accelerating the slow progress toward democracy?

Last May's parliamentary elections provide some evidence. These had been touted as the freest in Egypt's history and may actually have been so. President Mubarak's National Democratic party won something like 75 percent of the popular vote and 87 percent of the parliamentary seats. But turnout was low and by all accounts the balloting was marked by fraud and intimidation,

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especially in the countryside. Mr. Fuad Serageddin, the leader of the major opposition party, the right-of-center New Wafd, called the elections "pure theatre . . . the least free for the past 60 years."

In fact, however, the government's claim of free and fair elections is far closer to the truth. The Wafd, in rather cynical alliance with the fundamentalist Moslem Brotherhood, was able to wage an almost wholly unfettered campaign. Its dismal showing at the polls had a lot more to do with voter apathy —the conviction that the outcome was a foregone conclusion—than with the government's strongarm tactics. And this in turn was a consequence of the deeper malaise of Egyptian politics: the absence among the masses of any serious emotional commitment to the present constitutional order.

Economics Minister el-Said put the point with candor and insight when he said that the greatest danger to Egypt's fledgling democracy has been the government party's inability to develop the kind of deep roots in the populace that, say, India's Congress party enjoys; while the major opposition parties, too weak to have any immediate prospect of forming a government, continue to be tempted by extremism.

Compensating, at least in part, for these systemic weaknesses is President Mubarak's own determination to nurture a genuinely democratic order. That at any rate is the claim made by his close associates. Even the leader of the opposition bloc in parliament, Mumtaz Nassar, told the *Washington Post* that the corruption in last May's balloting was perpetrated by then-prime minister Fuad Mohieddin, among other government officials, without Mubarak's knowledge or consent. But if such shrewd observers as the *Wall Street Journal*'s Karen Elliot House and Peter R. Kann are accurate in their judgment of Mubarak, it is inconceivable that so tough and knowledgeable a leader would have allowed himself to be duped and indeed traduced by his subordinates on a matter of central importance to his plans for Egypt. The only other explanation is that the voting irregularities were by no means as widespread and decisive as the opposition leaders claim.

This assessment is shared by the *Economist* of London, which argued in an editorial shortly after the election that "Mr. Mubarak scored quite well" on the following test: "The run-up to the poll must be free enough for any person or party to express a view and actively to solicit support. The vote must be secret and the physical act of getting to the polling station free of intimidation." The editorial went on to take account of other legitimate reservations about the climate of opinion in which the election was held, concluding that "it is no surprise that, after the years of repression since Nasser's revolution, Egypt has yet to acquire the cement of national consensus."

And this, finally, is the key element in Egypt's slow and painful progress toward democracy. That consensus will have a chance to develop only if two conditions are met: Economic improvement must be marked enough to undercut the anti-democratic opposition's appeal for a revolutionary "solution" to the nation's problems. And President Mubarak and his lieutenants must continue to use every available art and stratagem to educate the Egyptian people in the democratic values the leaders themselves undoubtedly hold.

Both will be fearfully difficult to achieve, but neither is impossible. The U.S. and its allies would be well advised to do all in their power to help bring them about. □

Martha Bayles

THE LIFE OF THE MIND

A Harvard story.

Jonathan could not believe her name was Dinah. He surveyed the twenty freshmen wedged into the ancient, bolted-down desks and chairs of Seaver Hall—all white except the two black girls in front—and hoped for her sake that the fatter, blacker girl would not answer to the name Dinah Jefferson.

But she did. The other one, slender and coppery with fashionably frizzled hair, answered to Felicity St. Pierre.

Through the ivy crawling across the screen of the open window, Jonathan could see the venerable maples and beeches of Harvard Yard standing massively still, their September foliage as dark as cooked spinach. It was the first week of the semester, but hot enough to cook a tree—thought Jonathan, pleased as usual by the private play of his imagination while standing officially before a class. It was a source of pride, this ability to engage the fantastic while executing the mundane.

The students had been told to read *Heart of Darkness*, so rather than waste the first session, Jonathan plunged right in. "Forget about symbolism!" he exclaimed, enjoying the dismay of the preppier English majors. An entire vocabulary was drying up in their throats, and they had nothing to replace it with—except their own meagre allotment of heart and guts.

"Look," he went on, not relenting. "This guy Kurtz is in a bad way, we can all see that. Just try thinking about it in human terms, as though he were somebody you know. Stop using those big abstractions. 'Civilization,' 'barbarism'—what do these words *mean*?"

"O.K." At last. Felicity was looking straight at him, ignoring the others. "To me, it's about racism. The white man in Africa, acting like he's God. Expecting all the black folks to worship at his feet."

Jonathan didn't blink. Treat a breakthrough like a breakthrough too fast, and you lose the ones who haven't seen it yet. He waited, and eventually some bright Jewish kid raised his hand, relating Felicity's comment to the metaphor of light versus darkness, and apologizing wittily for reintroducing symbolism. Someone else brought up the paradox of darkness within enlightenment, and the semester was off and running.

Jonathan's only regret was Dinah Jefferson. She was not homely; her face was broadly heart-shaped, with a dignified nose and mouth, and eyes that were almost beautiful, astonished-looking. In her short hair she wore little barrettes, which didn't seem to serve any purpose except to add more plastic to her brightly colored plastic earrings, and the drugstore-stylish plastic eyeglass frames over which her brows arched as she gazed at him with those astonished eyes, in this and subsequent classes. Jonathan noticed all these details because there was nothing else to go on. Her silence was perfect: a work of art.

"Too bad they couldn't put the Harvard Club a few stories higher, so we could look down on *everything*—including those quaint little brick buildings across the river."

From behind the tasseled menu, Jonathan's father made no reply except to recommend the cold poached salmon. Mr. Spaulding knew what to order, since he lunched here almost daily; and he did not have anything to say about these dully opulent rooms atop the new Shawmut Bank Building—at least not to Jonathan. Too often these family meetings, which were supposed to be held on neutral territory, ended up being held in places just like home, with one or two grandfather clocks, a dozen Oriental carpets, and a dishearteningly loyal minion at a mahogany desk keeping out people who, through no fault of their own, didn't happen to belong. The downtown Harvard Club gave Jonathan an outraged but pleasantly giddy sensation, like the one he got whenever he went into the Yard's Memorial Church and gazed at all the Spauldings gleaming foursquare and golden on the polished granite wall.

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What he usually did, while lunching with his father, was tank up. By the time the junior trust officer joined them, Jonathan was peering through a second Beefeater martini: thrice shaken and achingly cold, with minute wormlike currents threading through the liquid which was also, from Jonathan's vantage point, the sky—the cobalt blue distances of Boston Harbor, distilled into a glass of ether, with a pearl onion floating in it like a moon.

Neither of them got the joke, which Jonathan should have expected. He should have expected to feel all alone up here on the thirty-ninth floor, in this tastefully appointed wax museum. In point of fact, it was truly astounding that he had managed to grow up to become the person he was: a participant in the life of the mind, who could sit here and make a joke about the decline of English poetry after Shakespeare.

"Oh, I'm with an excellent firm. No doubt you've heard of them: Herrick, Suckling, Marvell, and Donne."

Or was it the other way around, the daytime moon showing up like a garnish in his drink?

The point of the luncheon was Jonathan's trust fund, currently being reorganized by the unnervingly calm junior trust officer. Twenty-five going on fifty, thought Jonathan, studying this immobile young lizard whose career Jonathan's father was "bringing along." No doubt the apple of some other lizard's eye; some other father's pride and joy. Jonathan's father himself would have preferred such a son, with the hair on his head and the thoughts inside it neatly trimmed. Jonathan tried giving the guy a secret look, a high sign, to see if there was a shred of spirit behind that impeccable front lawn of a personality. No dice. The guy was living and breathing to eat cold poached salmon and define the complex terms by which Jonathan could gain access to this or that little bit of his family money.

They were not far into the meal when the junior trust officer produced a form and began asking questions about death. What would happen to the trust fund if and when the various members of the family, including Jonathan and his "issue," kicked the bucket? Unfazed, even munching a pitted black olive, Mr. Spaulding proceeded to lay out the possibilities both morbid and financial.

Jonathan was into his third martini when the lizard finally asked him if he understood the terms. "Yes," said Jonathan, smiling. "All flesh is grass, but a well-managed trust fund endureth forever."

"Jonathan," stated his father, as though that one word served as a complete explanation.

A smile like the flick of a sticky tongue, and the lizard said to Jonathan, "I also need to know your present employment."

"Oh, I'm with an excellent firm. No doubt you've heard of them: Herrick, Suckling, Marvell, and Donne."

He decided to feel sorry for the lizard. "My present employment," he said gently, "is hard to define. My title at Harvard is Teaching Assistant, but actually I was hired because I'm a freelance writer. But I'm only teaching and freelance writing to support myself as a poet. You see, writing poetry is my real—"

"Put down 'student,'" said Jonathan's father. And the lizard put down "student," even though Jonathan had not been a student for six years.

DUM! da-da-DUM! da-DUM! Dinah recognized Magic's knock over Felicity's stereo, the way he counterposed it to the beat. They both had a special way: he of knocking, Felicity of opening the door as though she were wearing not jeans but something sheer and lacy. And of saying "hi" as though the two of them were alone—no Dinah in the corner, bending over her desk trying to memorize the Krebs cycle. *Adenosine triphosphate is the coin of the biological realm.*

"Well, lookee here." Magic put both hands on Dinah's desk. "I do believe I've found the *brains* in this room."

"Not really," whispered Dinah, tongue-tied by those sinewy, ballplayer's arms and that syrupy, musky cologne.

Then he jumped away, defending himself from Felicity. Dinah sat staring at her valences and bivalences, wondering whether she should make herself scarce or wait for Magic and Felicity to ask her if she wanted to walk over to lunch with them. Secretly, ardently, she hoped that they would ask—because that way she would have a good excuse to sit at the Black Table, where Magic's roommate, Gerald Lopez, sometimes sat.

It was the same old number she always used to play back in North Philly, at Saint Joseph's, and even before: attach herself to the slickest girls, so when the guys came around, they would pay some attention to her. Only here at Harvard it was easier than ever, because there were no rules, and Felicity was her roommate.

One thing about liking a guy—it made her eat less. As she went through the Union line with Magic and Felicity, she could not even look at the food. All she took was a chef salad with blue cheese dressing, and after she sat down at the Black Table, she was so intent upon looking for Gerald, she could not even touch it.

Finally he appeared, big-shouldered and light-complected, with his pants cuffs so low in the back they almost edged in underneath his heels—the opposite of stone cool guys like Magic, who tucked their cuffs inside the built-up backs of their All-Stars. Not only that, but Gerald came from Cleveland, which cracked everybody up. Nonetheless he was one of those people who made his own way, concentrating so hard on what was going on inside his own head, it was like he was wearing a Walkman—only he wasn't. Gerald didn't need to wear a Walkman.

There he was, coming out of the serving alcove with his tray, head thoughtfully lowered as he listened intently to the student beside him, who was a long-haired white girl. Some of those white girls had such beautiful hair, like advertisements for shampoo. This one, however, just looked like a puppydog with droopy brown ears—although as they passed the Black Table, Dinah did notice she had very round buttocks.

A friend of Felicity's named Cheryl and two of the guys began to hiss—especially loudly, because it was worse when a guy faded out. Then Cheryl called, loudly enough for half the Union to overhear, "Watch out, little girl! It rubs off!" And in a lower voice: "Flat-ass honky witch."

The usual epithet, not applicable in this round-buttocked case. But that didn't stop Cheryl from using it, or from urging Magic to get on the stick and straighten Gerald out. "Make sure you bring him to the Soul Strut Saturday night. Felicity and me, we'll find somebody nice for him. This school is full of foxy chicks just waiting for a brother to ask them out."

"Yeah," drawled Felicity. "Just because *we're* taken, doesn't mean you should all give up."

At least Felicity knew enough to make a joke about it. Cheryl was downright embarrassing, in Dinah's opinion. The way to attract guys was not to give orders—any fool could see that. Although Lord knows, Cheryl was good-looking enough to have two or three of the slickest guys after her all the time.

What else could any fool see? Picking up her slightly bent fork, Dinah stuck it into her salad, her brain working very slowly. Here she was, about to eat chef salad with two girls who said, "Just because *we're* taken," at a table where *three* girls were eating their lunch. True enough; when it came to Gerald Lopez (who had disappeared into the small dining room with his round-buttocked friend), two of these three girls were "taken" in every respect: by their boyfriends of the moment; by the other three guys at the table, who would move in as soon as they saw a chance; and last but not least, by themselves.

Now, none of that was a problem. Dinah could stay and eat chef salad through all of that. But what her brain kept returning to, ever so slowly, while

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her fork poked just as slowly through the chunky iceberg lettuce, was that sharp-edged little "*we*." Felicity's "*we*," like a snip of tiny scissors, cutting three girls down to two. Two girls for Gerald Lopez to choose from. . . . And what was number three? A lump of flesh in a chair? Eyes and ears? (Dinah's brain was speeding up now, shouting questions in the silence.) A hand holding a fork? A mouth hanging open over a plate? Nothing more?

Such a hunger, such a familiar hollowness. Dinah could not stay and eat chef salad, but she needed to eat something; she was starved. How hard it was to find a good hoagie in Harvard Square! Walking up and down the little side streets, she saw only ice cream parlors, Chinese restaurants, ritzy clothing boutiques, and block-long walls of immaculate glass with wooden furniture on display. Never in her life had she seen so much wooden furniture. At last she circled back to a pizza shop and ordered what they called a "Steak Grinder."

Along with the strips of steak it had grilled peppers and onions, pepperoni and melted cheese—close enough. They put it in a bag for her, together with a wedge of apple spice cake and a vanilla shake. A stop at the bookstore, where the Romance section was not that great, and she was back in her room. Felicity had a computer lab—Dinah knew, after listening to her bellyache about it all morning. So for a few hours at least, Dinah could hole up.

When the waxpaper wrappers were fingered clean of every grease spot and trace of frosting, and the last drops of shake sucked up through the straw, she stretched out on the bed, waistband loosened, and began to read chapter four of *Ambushed by Love*. The heroine, a working girl unexpectedly kidnapped by the arrogant French leader of an African safari, was fending off despair—and his advances—by recalling her proud, happy girlhood in the Scottish Highlands, when Dinah suddenly closed the book. For the first time since she had been at Harvard, she was thinking of Sister Carlotta.

The Bird, she was called, because her nose was such a beak and her habit had such broad sleeves. Some of the other teachers thought Sister Carlotta was a gas, although nobody at Saint Joseph's ever really mocked her. You couldn't mock a Bird with such sharp, all-seeing eyes. Anybody who wanted to stay in Saint Joseph's, and get an education without endless teacher strikes, rackety classrooms, drug deals, and gang wars, had to give in, at some point, to the Bird. She knew what North Philly could be like, so she kept a box of Kleenex in her office desk drawer. When the tears poured out, she would hand it across, stem the tide, and declare "we must channel our sorrows in the service of the Lord." Which meant blow your nose and study, whether or not you were a Catholic.

The Bird gave only one "A" a year, to the student who had shown the most ability and achievement in English. It meant even more than the Essay Award, or the National Honor Society, or even being chosen as valedictorian. The only other thing that meant as much, at Saint Joseph's, as Sister Carlotta's "A" was the Science Award. And the only student in the history of the school to have won every one of these honors was herself, Dinah Jefferson.

It was around eight when Magic and Felicity came back, full of high spirits and still working out snatches of the latest King Sunny Adé and the African Beats album. Dinah had heard a lot about that album, too. But Felicity didn't own it and nobody had offered to play it for her yet. Maybe that was why she felt annoyed.

"Didn't see you at supper, Dine."

"Hm."

"You didn't miss much," said Felicity, with her usual groan. "Grease and starch, à la carte. I swear, I've put on five pounds in the last week."

"Where'd you put it?" Magic smiled. "Here? Maybe here? Or was it around here?"

Felicity giggled and batted his hands away.

Dinah, turning a page, began to suspect they were high. They had to be; otherwise they wouldn't go on flirting, talking about computer lab being the pits, and making jokes about how much of their work was overdue as though there were nobody else in the same room trying to read *Heart of Darkness*. Next to Dinah on the bed lay a yellow note pad, on which she had printed "PAPER TOPICS," followed by a single jotted phrase: "The theme of evil." Any fool could see that she was studying.

After a while Felicity sat across her own bed, the way Dinah was doing, and picked up her French book. "Alors, nous devons être silent maintenant."

"Uh-huh," said Magic, squeezing on next to her. "Sounds mighty fine to me."

"It means be quiet. Study hall."

"Uh-huh."

And they were quiet, or sort of quiet. Before Dinah's eyes the print turned into chemistry, an incomprehensible chain reaction. It wasn't possible that they could carry on like that with somebody else in the room.

"Oooh!" said Felicity, moving so that the narrow bed squeaked.

In a low, humorous voice, Magic began to sing:

Dum, dum, dum . . .
Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow . . .

"This is her room, too," said Felicity, trying to be nice.

"I know that. I'm now asking her to *leave*."

A gale of giggles, while Dinah turned another page. She was now about five pages ahead of the last sentence she had understood, but her bed was comfortable and her clothing was nice and loose. She did not like the library with its shoe-squidging linoleum floors and bright lighting the color of pee. It was going to take more than giggles to get her out of here tonight.

Of course, what they never did was ask directly. Felicity began again to speak French, which Magic always pretended to take the wrong way. "Goodness, gracious, don't tell her all the *details*! I'm sure the young lady knows how to take a hint."

"I wish *you* did." Dinah's voice startled everybody, including herself. "Felicity and me both have Lit. papers due Friday, in case you didn't know."

"Well, lookee here." Magic put both hands on Dinah's desk. "I do believe I've found the *brains* in this room."

"He knows," said Felicity, "we were talking about it at dinner. The word is, Mr. Spaulding is good for an extension."

"He hasn't got the balls to say no," put in Magic. "Get it? Spaulding? Balls?"

"I don't believe in extensions," declared Dinah. "At my school, you had to get your work in on time."

"Well, whoop-tee-doo."

That stopped it, stopped it cold. No doubt Felicity had been feeling contemptuous of Saint Joseph's—after all, she had graduated from an all-white suburban high school in Connecticut. But she had never acted high-toned about it before. The air in the room was suddenly so thick that even Magic sobered up. "Look, Dinah. Your roommate and I have some serious business to attend to. Could you take your on-time Lit. paper for Mr. Balls Spaulding, and deal with it in the library?"

"*No!*" The unreadable print had become a hot, furious blur. "If you want to throw away your educational opportunities, go right ahead. But I'm not going to. Maybe I *am* the brains in this room!"

Jonathan was not good with silent people. They brought out his talkativeness, his yearning to project himself in words, because only words could distinguish his reality from his appearance. For despite his fair hair grown long, and his aviator glasses, his face was still angular and stern as a pulpit. There was nothing he could do to mitigate that, except speak eloquently, like a poet.

The first thing he did, when confronting Dinah Jefferson's silence, was offer her an extension on her paper. Usually the relief was enough to loosen their tongues. But not Dinah's. She reacted as though he had demanded it sooner, not later. Her astonished gaze, which had been fixed on his face, plunged into her lap.

He hated the thought that she was intimidated by him, so he began to talk rapidly about Conrad. "He was a Pole, you know. When I was your age, I thought he was just another English novelist writing about colonialism. But he wasn't. He was born in Warsaw, Teodor Józef Konrad Korzeniowski, so he knew about oppression."

Jonathan paused, considering the possibility that she was ignorant of European history. "Anyway, what do you think of the novel? All those natives dying under the trees—remember that scene? Marlowe really notices them, which is kind of amazing. Not too many whites in his position would have bothered. After all, they're in shadow; it's easy enough to look the other way. What do you make

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of the fact that Marlowe cares?"

"I . . . I don't know." A meek doll-voice, feathery polite. Such a big, black body should not have such a tiny, colorless voice. Jonathan wanted more: rich laughter or a stream of invective as direct as a midnight freight. Perhaps he was pushing too hard—she might not have read as far as the natives dying under the trees. He decided to ease off.

"Tell me, Dinah. Do you like reading fiction? You do? Well, great. Tell me what you enjoy, when you're just reading for fun."

She gave him a shy, girlish smile—which gratified him so much, being the first, that he forgot for a moment to be appalled by her answer.

"Well, um. . . . My mother, she's a nurse, and they have this library at the hospital? And she saw these books that all the patients liked? So she borrowed a couple, and . . . um, when she brought them home, I started in reading them too, and we both got hooked. They're called Harlequin Romances."

She was joking, she had to be. Jonathan had seen those pastel paperbacks with the mooning female faces on the covers, more like candy bars than books. But he had certainly never read one, not even out of morbid curiosity. And needless to say, the mooning female faces were forever white.

Dinah was obviously not in on the joke. "Since I started going to Saint Joseph's, my mother, she's been telling me to quit. But she keeps on bringing them home—so I tell her she's the one leading me astray." Then she ventured another, surprisingly entrancing smile.

"Well," said Jonathan, marshaling his tolerance, "I guess men don't read Harlequin Romances. What would you say is the secret of their appeal?"

"Escape. I mean, for a person who's working all day, and dealing with other people's problems, they're like a relief. Because there's always a happy ending."

"Always?"

"Oh, yeah. That's part of the formula. The writers have to follow certain rules. Like the heroine has to be a virgin, and the hero has to be tragic and bitter, and they can't get together till the end, after she changes him. It's *simple*."

She said "simple" with mild disparagement, the way another person might say "dumb." Jonathan agreed, of course. But he also felt gratified to see her expressing herself.

Then it came to him, in a sudden stroke: *Forget Conrad*. The convoluted language, the alien setting, the grandiose ambition of the central ideas were far too daunting for this girl. She tried to take it all in, with those astonished-looking eyes, but it was obvious she had nothing to contribute, either in class or on paper. An instructor who noticed such a student, let alone cared about her, could not just sit back and watch her flounder. He had to venture into her world a little: at least meet her halfway.

Dinah was silent again, looking down at her plump fingers with their pink-polished nails, one hand twisting the ring on the other: blue glass in a dimestore setting. If she hadn't been so dark, her blushing might have been visible.

"Felicity and me, we'll find somebody nice for him. This school is full of foxy chicks just waiting for a brother to ask them out."

"Look," said Jonathan, "I've got a great idea. Why don't you write your paper about this?"

"About what?"

"What we're talking about, Harlequin Romances. I think it's a fascinating topic, don't you? I mean, the romance has a venerable history, and there are all sorts of issues here about popular taste, mass psychology—wow. The more I think about it, the more interesting it gets."

"But. . . ." Her voice had shrunk back to a wisp. "I thought we were supposed to write about *Heart of Darkness*."

"Not necessarily. The point of the course is to get you thinking and writing about literature. There are plenty of ways to do that."

"But it says on the syllabus—"

"Written by *me*. This is *my* course, you know, and I teach it *my* way. When I come across a student who's had a different kind of experience, I encourage them to take a different approach."

For a moment she just arched those eyebrows as high as they would go, as though she disapproved of him. Definitely the wrong way to take a lucky break. Then she wrinkled her lips, apparently tasting something sour. "Um. . . . What would Harvard say if they found out?"

"Found out! What are you talking about? I'm acting on my own authority as a faculty member. And I think that writing about Harlequin Romances is the best project for you."

She bowed her head, twisting her ring. "OK . . . I just don't want to lose the credit or anything."

"Come on, Dinah. Would I do that to you?"

She said nothing, which both worried and annoyed Jonathan. How could he coax her back out of her shell? Sometimes all a teacher had were instincts, human impulses. He decided to follow his.

"Look, Dinah. I'll level with you. Stop thinking of me as a Harvard professor, some exalted character who's expecting you to fail. I'm *glad* you're here, and I want you to succeed. You understand?"

She nodded, and above the sparkle of the ring he saw another: a drop on her cheek, which she rapidly brushed away.

"Oh please," he said. "Don't cry. I know what you're going through; this is a cold-hearted place. Harvard has standards, its almighty academic standards. But that isn't enough sometimes, is it? I mean, when there's a human being to be dealt with, it isn't enough to sit up there in Massachusetts Hall worrying about how much money is coming in from how many fat-cat successful alumni."

Jonathan paused, somewhat flustered. "What I'm trying to say is, you should listen to *me*, not Harvard. Harvard doesn't care about you *or* your education. They really don't give a sweet f--- about *either* of us."

With the paper due Monday, Dinah wouldn't have time to send home for her collection of Harlequins. She spent an hour looking for some in the library, but quit when the lady behind the counter told her sarcastically that the library didn't carry pulp novels. So Dinah went back to the bookstore and picked out five titles she hadn't read yet. She paid by check, trying not to worry about what this would do to her account, and started back to the dorm.

It was mostly the embarrassment of having wept in front of Mr. Spaulding. Acidic, prickling, it burned so painfully she might have gone crazy if she thought it would last. But she knew embarrassment pretty well: It was awful, but it faded. All she had to do was make it through Harvard Square, and she could hole up till it was gone.

She was walking carefully, concentrating only on getting there, when she saw a group of people gathered around a chess game under the trees. It wasn't any big deal; there was always a crowd there watching a street musician or a pantomime artist—or a chess game, if the day was particularly slow. She couldn't imagine why anybody would watch anything as boring as a chess game, even if they knew the first thing about it, which she didn't.

Then she noticed one of the players was Gerald Lopez. Instead of studying the board, he was looking around. "Hey, Dinah!"

She shouldn't have stopped. She should have played it cool, said "hi," and kept on walking. But she didn't. Dead in her tracks, she returned Gerald's smile.

"I just lost," he said, waving at the board. "And I can't figure out why."

The other player, a hawknosed white guy with a beard, began explaining some move to Gerald, who laughed and said it didn't make sense. None of it made sense to Dinah, but she stood there and listened while they argued about it. She didn't want to leave without speaking to Gerald, but she couldn't speak to Gerald without interrupting. So there she stood, paralyzed.

Finally Gerald reached for his books: a large brown one, *The Republic of Plato*; and a small blue one, *Greek Political Theory*.

"You heading across the Yard?"

"Uh-huh."

He was shaking his head and smiling. Dinah found herself doing the same. Then he said, "So you're interested in chess?"

"Oh . . . just a little. Mostly curious, I guess."

"You play? You want to play sometime?"

"Yeah, sure." She began to burn—why not lie some more, and tell him she had been Pennsylvania state champ?

"I'm not super good," said Gerald. "I need a computer to learn on. They're the best way, because nobody but you can see your stupid mistakes."

"Uh-huh," said Dinah, burning. Why stop there? Why not invite him over sometime to use her private computer?

They walked a moment in silence, to a point in front of Massachusetts Hall where the paths forked. The paths in the Yard were always forking.

"Well," said Gerald, hefting his books. "Back to the salt mines. Wish I could figure out what these old Greek dudes were talking about. What are you reading? What's in the bag?"

On reflex, she jerked it away. Not that he was about to reach out and grab it, only to discover that it contained five Harlequin Romances.

"Nothing," she whispered, the smallness of her voice trying to apologize for the rudeness of her gesture. "Nothing. Something for Lit."

"O.K.," he said, "I'll see you around." And that was it, that was the end of it: Gerald walking away with that air of listening to an invisible Walkman, down the path which forked away from hers. And Dinah standing there burning, knowing that this time the burning would last. □

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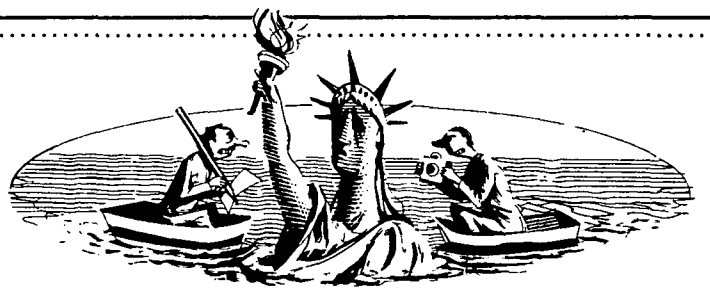

BIG MEDIA JITTERS

by Fred Barnes

A wonderful notion is making the rounds in journalism these days to the effect that the press is finally wising up after years of unbridled arrogance, elitism, and liberal bias. Okay, we've made mistakes—the Hitler diaries, the Janet Cooke fabrication, the defamation of Ariel Sharon, the gratuitous trashing of William Westmoreland, the misreporting of the Vietnam war, and year after year of hyped accounts of hunger and homeless men and the perils of nuclear power and the immorality of American allies like Chile, South Korea, Taiwan, and Israel. But all that is changed now in the second term of Ronald Reagan's administration. The press is more sober, mellow, evenhanded, less adversarial, reckless, liberal. Or so the notion goes.

Does anyone swallow such self-serving nonsense? The national press as recovered hysteric and reformed liberal scold? Why, you might as well believe in the compassion of Colonel Qaddafi, the statesmanship of Jesse Jackson, the paranoia of the Soviets, the efficiency of socialism, the possibility of learning while asleep and dieting while gorging yourself, the CIA/FBI/right-wing role in the assassination of John F. Kennedy, and the presence in our midst of little-bitty visitors from somewhere in outer space, perhaps Pluto. But apart from the terminally gullible, I suspect few are falling for this latest bit of self-congratulatory rubbish. It qualifies as one of the Three Great Lies. You know, the check is in the mail, I'm from the federal government and I'm here to help you, and—you can trust the press because it's fair-minded, neutral, and responsible now.

As a vivid reminder that nothing has changed, let me cite the press response to the appointment of Patrick J. Buchanan as the White House communications chief. This was a fleeting episode, I admit, but a revealing one. Even Lou Cannon, the White House correspondent for the *Washington Post* and no press basher, blanched at the wild-eyed hostility among White House reporters toward President Reagan's hiring of someone who had criticized the "big media" for its liberal slant. "There is something discomforting about the media reaction to Buchanan's appointment, something that indicates that he may have a point in suggesting that the big battalions of journalism are afflicted with self-importance," Cannon wrote. "Too many of us have reacted by probing Buchanan's view of the media, perhaps because we are preoccupied with ourselves."

That's putting it mildly. The transcript of the press conference at which Donald Regan, the White House chief of staff, announced the selection of Buchanan betrays more than the usual amount of media haughtiness. The attitude was, How dare you pick a fellow who has knocked the media. Sam Donaldson of ABC told Regan: "I'm sure you're aware that Pat Buchanan has expressed an unremitting hostility toward what he calls big media. He defines that as an Eastern, liberal press corps, ever since he wrote that speech for Spiro Agnew and in his present writings and his present discussion. I'm sure you're aware of that. Why did you appoint him if, in fact, he sees the press as an enemy?" Unsatisfied with Regan's answer, Donaldson went on: "He says in a recent article last fall, 'An ideological bulwark of the Democratic party, polemical and publicity arm of American liberalism, the big media are the strategic reserve of the Mondale campaign.' He doesn't say some reporters, some media. In all his pieces, Mr. Regan, he lumps under the name big media every one of us."

My, my! Imagine someone suggesting that the ideological thrust of national press coverage is liberal! Silence that person. Or at least he must be chastised if he is named to a high White House post. Which is exactly what the TV networks did. Donaldson noted on "ABC World News Tonight" the appointment of several new Reagan aides, saying that "eyebrows went up" on Buchanan's. Then, he recalled Vice President Spiro Agnew's attack on the press in 1969, and an Agnew clip was shown. "But it was Nixon's speechwriter, Buchanan, whose words Agnew spoke and ever since, in and out of government, the articulate and combative Buchanan has merrily bashed away at what he calls the big media." At this point, a clip from Cable News Network came on, one in which Buchanan castigates the *Washington Post*. Donaldson wound up his spot by raising the specter of a belligerent new tone emanating from the Reagan White House, thanks to Buchanan, and he implied that the press might be a target.

On the "NBC Nightly News," Chris Wallace said roughly the same thing, regurgitating an Agnew clip and harping on Buchanan's criticism of the press. To buttress the point that Buchanan might start an anti-press crusade at the Reagan White House, Wallace gleaned from an interview with columnist Jack Germond a comment about Buchanan's suspicions of press scheming. "He is always quick to see press conspiracies and press plots, because a lot of the press doesn't agree with a lot of things Pat agrees with," Germond says. Yet Germond doesn't think Buchanan will indulge in press bashing for Reagan; that was not mentioned. Wallace concluded with this: "Buchanan said tonight he stands by his criticism of the media, but noted there's a difference between doing a talk show and working at the White House. He said he will serve, quote, my cause and my President. He didn't say which comes first."

Cute ending. *Time* had its own snappy way of warning that trouble might be ahead between the White House and the press with Buchanan on board with Reagan. Buchanan has shown no "mellowing . . . toward the press," *Time* said. "At week's end he was not returning telephone calls from reporters seeking comment on his appointment." Of course, you could say the same thing about nearly every White House official, that he doesn't

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answer all his press calls. I can personally give assurances that many officials don't call back; at least they don't always call me back. Does that mean they are unmellowed critics of the press? Maybe they are, but maybe they can't be bothered or maybe they're just rude. I like to think those who don't return my calls have no manners at all.

Anyway, the Buchanan affair tells us more than merely that the press hasn't changed. For one thing, many reporters missed the crux of the Buchanan story, the naming to high position of a movement conservative who may or may not have influence in the White House. Will Buchanan be an ornament to display to other conservatives, or will he affect policy? I don't know, but that and not the possibility of a White House assault on the media is the real issue. For another, the Buchanan episode shows anew the press inclination to use Spiro Agnew as a weapon, on the assumption that whatever he said is tainted and kooky. The trouble is, Agnew's critique of the press, however ill motivated, still sounds pretty reasonable. ABC, for instance, showed a clip of Agnew saying, "The views of a majority of this [press] fraternity do not and, I repeat, do not represent the views of Americans." Add the word "most" in front of "Americans," however, and you have a statement of quantifiable truth. Who could argue with that? The Agnew clip trotted out by NBC was different: "When the news that 40 million Americans receive each night is determined by a handful of men responsible only to their corporate employers. . . . " Was Agnew fantasizing a conspiracy? I don't think so, and neither does Austin Ranney, the respected political scientist at the American Enterprise Institute who has argued that Agnew's charges should be taken seriously. My point about Agnew is that identifying criticism of the press with his person doesn't invalidate the criticism itself. The Agnewisms, written by Buchanan, just may ring true to many people.

Still another interesting aspect of the coverage of Buchanan is the self-importance of the media that it spotlights. Cannon couldn't help but notice it, and his colleague at the *Washington Post*, ombudsman Sam Zagoria, was harsher still in skewering inflated reporters. Hanging around the powerful "is a heady atmosphere," Zagoria wrote, "and some reporters ease into first-name relationships with the high and mighty; some get into cozy social and recreational associations, and occasionally they are flattered to be asked for their opinion on pending public policies or of people and their potential. Before long, a few journalists take on the airs of high office, even though they have yet to win an election." Actually, I have a quibble with Zagoria; it's more than a few who are putting on airs. Zagoria made up for this by adding: "While they welcome appointments of one of their own, as, for example, Bernard Kalb's as State Department spokesman, they found it difficult . . . to accept the appointment of maverick Pat Buchanan. . . . [But] where is it written that White House reporters have the authority to 'advise and consent' in executive-branch appointments?" Only in the grandiose job descriptions that countless Washington reporters have drafted for themselves.

They are operating under the misguided impression that Reagan needed to bring in Buchanan to handle them. It's like a beaten fighter, hanging on the ropes, barely conscious, yet muttering that the guy who's just beaten him to a pulp is in need of help. Reagan has whipped the press; reporters have flailed away, but they've barely laid a glove on him. There's a word for people like those in the media who can't see themselves as all the world does. Silly. □

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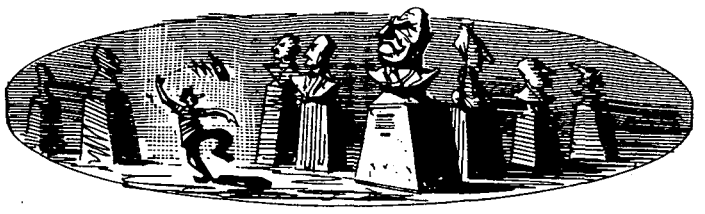

THE LOVE DOCTOR

by Andrew Ferguson

The American appetite for cheap thought is well known and apparently insatiable. From the time of Henry David Thoreau, through the days of Dale Carnegie and Aimee Semple McPherson, up to the present age of Carl Rogers and Dr. Wayne ("Your Erroneous Zones") Dyer, some Americans have gladly mistaken felicity of style for profundity and a furrowed brow or a winning smile for wisdom. While affluence gives us unprecedented time for intellectual pursuits, the intellect produces little for some to think about; they have a long lunch-hour, as it were, but the cook is an oaf. Instead of Chateaubriand—to extend the metaphor about as far as it will go—they eat french fries. They seem to like it that way.

Not all American charlatans are fly-by-night operators; some have shown remarkable staying power. *Walden* hasn't been out of print for a hundred years. Among this durable group, apparently, is Dr. Leo Buscaglia, also known to his followers as Dr. Hug, or the Love Doctor. Nominally a professor of education at the University of Southern California, Dr. Buscaglia is possessed of a spirit so robust no classroom could contain him. In the early seventies he took his show on the road. Since then his books have sold in the millions; two of his books were on the *New York Times* Bestseller List simultaneously last year, and his latest, *Loving Each Other*,[1] is at the moment happily ensconced there at number two. His series of televised lectures—in which he prances about before a rapturous audience, mopping his rubbery face with a damp handkerchief and shaking the rafters with his stentorian good will—is hauled out of storage every time a PBS station has a fund drive. And, not incidentally, he has made piles of dough—although he insists that the money hasn't changed his life; his one concession to prosperity, he told *Newsweek*, was a "chocolate-brown Mercedes."

Dr. Buscaglia's greatest innovation, and his ticket to pop-psych stardom, has been the hug. "I hug everybody," he warns. "Just come close to me and you're more than likely to get hugged, certainly touched." It is his "tendency," he says, to "open arms to others when we meet." And since he is a man wholly inhospitable to self-censorship ("If you feel like crying, you cry. I cry all the time"), it is not surprising that in some unenlightened sectors he has met with resistance. The estimable Judith Martin, for example, was dense enough to refuse a hug when she met the doctor at a public symposium. ("I hugged her anyway.") And a "popular TV interviewer" made a similar entreaty on another occasion. "I'm a man," he pleaded, halting his guest in mid-lunge. "I don't want my viewers to think I'm queer." Still, among the bright-eyed and open-minded, the trade in Hug hugs has been brisk. Phil Donahue, Leo says, was "most receptive to a human hug."

Reading Dr. Buscaglia's books, as I was ordered to do, is probably easier to take than one of his hugs, but it nevertheless requires considerable fortitude and diligence. His *oeuvre* forms a thick, murky Mississippi of moonshine, sweeping the reader along a high tide of jargon, banalities, and half-truths. The effect is so seductive that after a couple of hours a careless reader may find himself nodding knowingly at statements like, "Love and self are one and the discovery of either is the realization of both." His subjects are the big ones: Love, Caring, Sharing. These conflow to produce the "subtle art of moving together with others," and he's not talking about the rhumba; the subtle art, rather, is "relating," which Dr. Buscaglia himself manages to do only on a grand scale. He has never been married and has no children, for he is too busy spreading his message of loving relationships to bother with one. His *affaire de coeur* is with simply *everybody*—most especially the grinning hordes who flock to his lectures and the readers who eagerly plunk down fifteen clams for every new book. At the close of his lectures, he proves his love by vouchsafing the multitude the chance to queue up for a hug from the man himself. "He gives you a shot of adrenalin," cooed one lass who waited an hour and a half for a Dr. Hug wrap-around. "I'm still tingling."

Why has the prof fastened onto the hug as the symbol of successful relating? For one thing, a hug "changes your chemistry toward positive things." Moreover, "hugs make you feel psychologically more secure and together." If you find yourself scratching your head at these elucidations, welcome aboard. Part of the doctor's charm lies in his ambiguity; his pronouncements may mean anything you wish. Language, after all, is full of bear-traps for the unwary, and Dr. Buscaglia knows too well to get bogged down in the minutiae of definition or of concreteness, or even of the minimum requirements for making sense. "Sometimes by opening our mouths we make dreadful errors," he says, without a trace of irony. "It's often so much nicer to just look at somebody and vibrate."

Leo Buscaglia began vibrating in East Los Angeles, in 1924, the youngest child of Tulio and Rosa, who had recently arrived in the New World. Tulio struggled as a waiter in various Los Angeles restaurants, and home life was plagued by poverty. It is curious that Leo never mentions his religious training, if indeed he had any—curious if only because he shares with his readers every other aspect of life in the Buscaglia household, from sleeping arrangements to bathroom habits. But religious or not, some unusual force possessed the Buscaglias, for the family was a regular carnival of relating, to hear Leo tell it—as he does again and again; although here, as elsewhere, his judgment may be impaired by his rather tenuous grasp on life as it is normally lived. After hearing one of these hug encomiums, Leo's brother asked him, "Who are all these people you keep talking about?"

Whoever Tulio and Rosa were, there is the old saying that by their fruits you shall know them, and the mind struggles to imagine a child of man fruitier than Leo Buscaglia. His singular ebullience and zest for life manifested itself at an early age. Before long the neighborhood kids fell victim. Then, as now, there were some who wouldn't understand. "I used to hug my classmates who said I was 'queer,'" he laments. But Leo forged ahead. Every child not big enough to fight back was dragged into the Buscaglia garage, where they sat, slack-jawed, watching Leo perform impromptu, juvenile versions of the juvenile lectures that have

[1]SLACK Inc./Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $13.95.

Andrew Ferguson is an editorial assistant at The American Spectator.

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proved so popular with adult audiences today. "From the beginning," he says, "I was a teacher."

During the war, Leo restrained himself long enough to serve in the Navy as a corpsman second class, and afterward he returned to L.A. and enrolled in USC. He raced through the academic factory on his way to a career in special education, and in 1951 the Pasadena City School System gave him his start by hiring him as a speech therapist. He rose quickly through the bureaucracy, eventually becoming supervisor of the system's entire special education division. Yet with professional advancement came spiritual discontent. Although he knew that he was "a splendid teacher, a creative teacher," as an administrator he was a dud. "I didn't feel I was being as useful as I should be, filling out forms and making budgets." Middle age approached.

But then, just as the bureaucratic harness chafed most cruelly, the 1960s arrived to release him. The counterculture became mainstream. The ludicrous went legit. Idiocy was in. This was Leo's kind of decade. The radical politics of the gentle revolution seem to have left him unmoved—he remains scrupulously apolitical today—but every other brand of sixties hooch he gulped down by the gallon, and what a bender it was:

> During the years of my life I have been schooled in many things [he later wrote]. Mostly I learned and never questioned. . . . But I became suspicious. . . . Society . . . created confusing dichotomies for me: good and bad, mature and immature, reality and fantasy. I was then forced to select, supposedly for my own well-being, one over the other. . . . Society's reality constantly seemed more unreal than my fantasy. I pondered: Wasn't reality nothing more than the freezing, the firming up, of illusion?

Ideas like these choked his brain as the New Age dawned. "I decided to listen to myself, follow my own voices, and go the way that seemed to be the most congruent with me and my true nature." He would exchange his suits for turtlenecks, and drape himself in love beads. Asia beckoned.

For three years Leo wandered the East. Japan, India, Ceylon—he loved them all. He learned yoga; he meditated. With deep humility he listened at the feet of old men who babbled broken English, their eyes aglow with visions of million dollar ashrams in Santa Barbara and the sight of Vassar girls away from home for the first time. He visited monasteries, and he shared. The unsolvable riddles of Zen thundered in his head. Most wondrous of all, he went for days at a time without speaking. When at last he returned to USC, burbling, his old profs at the education department were impressed. They offered him a job.

The students of the late 1960s took quickly to the new assistant professor of education. They were drawn to his high humor, his exuberance, and his willingness to give A's almost indiscriminately. They voted him Outstanding Teacher of the Year more than once. In 1969 he fired their imaginations by creating a special course, which he called "Love 1A." Advertised as a "unique experience in learning," it was to be "dedicated to personal growth." No credit was given; attendance was voluntary; tests were eschewed. He saw, rightly, that even the pretense of academic rigor would frighten away those he wanted to reach most. For he sensed that the baby boomers "with whom I was relating were, more than ever, concerned with life, living, sex, growth, responsibility, death, hope and the future." Although you might quarrel with this catalogue of student concerns in the late sixties (sex maybe, but responsibility?), you cannot argue with the felicity of Dr. Buscaglia's original conception. No generation in our history has been so hungry for humbug. Dr. Buscaglia's abstractions from the East and his vast erudition in the literature of the West—his wide reading in R.D. Laing, Fritz Perls, and the *Journal of Humanistic Psychology*—allowed him to become, as the *L.A. Times* put it, "a pioneer in the exploration of intimacy."

His colleagues' reaction to the course was mixed, and Dr. Buscaglia had to endure the calumny of a few lumpen peers. These relicts of the gruesome fifties held to the eccentric notion that such a class was "not a part of a serious university curriculum." One even dared sniff that it was "irrelevant." But the doctor found them "highly amusing," and so rose above. The class was launched. Students flocked to his unique experience in learning, and little wonder. "We sit on the floor and relate," Leo explained, "and I'm sure that vibrations are felt all over the world." All over California, certainly, and in those days a vibration in California might cause an earthquake in Dubuque. The Love Doctor was soon in great demand. In Atlantic City, he spoke to an audience that included Charles Slack, the owner of a small New Jersey publishing house specializing in medical journals. As Buscaglia flapped his arms and bellowed, Slack was struck by an idea—perhaps the only idea Leo has ever introduced in one of his listeners: Would this prophet of love risk modulating his vibrant spirit into the dead letter of the written word, and thereby touch many hearts, lift countless burdens, and maybe sell hundreds of thousands of books?

Love, Leo's first book (1972), has since sold close to two million copies, and its author has become a celebrity. His lectures routinely draw audiences of 3,000 or more; requests for personal appearances pour into his office at the rate of 30 a week. He has reached far beyond his original constituency of college kids; a Buscaglia audience today will include octogenarians and readers of *Seventeen* magazine along with the flower children—now reformed—who discovered him. They sit enchanted, laughing at his frequent jokes, smiling at his tales of Mama and Papa, inspired by his native and acquired wisdom. And the books, most of which are transcriptions of the lectures, keep coming, an endless geyser of hogwash. He peppers his discourses with quotes from the seminal works of Rollo May, Ashley Montague, and—cross my heart—Timothy Leary. The venerable East, too, is always with him. The pearls from his travels rattle in his attic right alongside the memories of Mama belting out arias over the hot stove in East L.A.

"These ideas are not simple," he says of his work, "they're very complex. Though I state them simply, the concepts are extremely complicated."

> Sometimes I get up in the morning and I feel so freaky and good I can't stand it. I remember once driving to work, and I was singing Butterfly, the love duet, both roles, best performance I'd ever given, and a policeman stuck his head in the window, he had a big grin on his face, and he said, "This is going to be the funniest ticket I've ever given." I said, "How's that, Officer?" He said, "I was chasing someone for speeding, and you passed us both up." I love that. I hadn't even seen him. I was in my own beautiful world.

Now, it's anybody's guess what precisely this story is supposed to illustrate, although it may explain why Los Angeles County leads the nation

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in traffic fatalities every year. But its meaning, really, is quite beside the point, for the point is Dr. Buscaglia himself: discursive, solipsistic, and indefatigably cheerful. The message is the man.

This goes a long way toward explaining the prof's longevity, why he has survived and prospered while the other detritus of the sixties has withered and faded away. His particular brand of piffle is enlivened by his endlessly vibrating personality—a personality, moreover, that millions find attractive and inspirational, however inexplicably. He is, at bottom, a wonderfully effective entertainer. In the annals of American charlatanry this is nothing new. James Russell Lowell, in dismissing the notion that Emerson's audiences gained intellectual sustenance from the old windbag's lectures, wrote that "there is keen excitement, though there be no ponderable acquisition. If we carry nothing home in our baskets, there is ample gain in dilated lungs and stimulated blood."

Not surprisingly, the prof's votaries take exception to this. "Leo is popular because he talks about common sense things that people already know," says Buscaglia's administrative assistant, Steve Short. "He's just reminding them of universal truths they might have forgotten." That stretches it considerably. "You are a now" is a proposition that may be characterized in a number of ways, but not as common sense. Instead, Dr. Buscaglia, with his verbal voodoo, conjures up an atmosphere redolent of profound meaning—not sense, but the suggestion of sense. "Margaret Mead has hypothesized that 4 percent of our human potential is discovered," he says, adding portentously: "What of the other 95 percent?" (He is a teacher, not an adding machine.) That 95 percent the prof has claimed for his own, outside the area of intellection, undistracted by the demands of truth or falsity, sense or nonsense, right or wrong. It is a lush eternal Springtime where the doctor disports, and as he pipes his merry tune his minions follow happily—to a meadow where the mist is always rising, where for the moment (until the lecture is over, until the book is set down) they can be removed from the workaday. □

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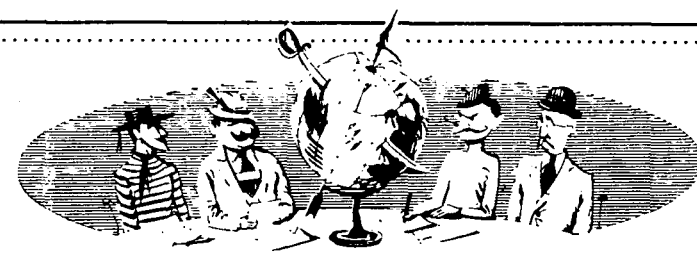

A REPLY TO PATRICK COSGRAVE*

by Brendan Donnelly

During the Second World War General de Gaulle suffered at the hands of the "Anglo-Saxons" many slights, real and imagined. The General took in 1963 a pleasing revenge when he prevented the junior of the Anglo-Saxons from joining the club he had formed in the European Community: The British were, he claimed, too closely tied to the United States to regard themselves or be regarded by others as Europeans. Britain has now been a member of the European Community for more than ten years and the General has been dead for more than ten. As he wanders in those other Elysian Fields, he no doubt regards history as having proved him right. Even today British commentators and politicians are reluctant to regard themselves as Europeans; all too often the United Kingdom has found itself isolated and rebuffed within the European Community. Many in Britain who are still today hostile to British membership in the Community affect a retrospective admiration for General de Gaulle, who supposedly understood us better than we understood ourselves. To them the General's obsessive suspicion of "the Anglo-Saxon powers" appears not merely appropriate, but even flattering. There is still a surprisingly tenacious belief among the opinion-forming classes of the United Kingdom that the United States and Great Britain together do constitute "the Anglo-Saxon powers": The last three words continue in particular to exercise their baneful fascination. I hope to suggest in what follows that the use of that term in that sense implies and reflects a whole mistaken approach to Great Britain's role and interests in the world, an approach which has overshadowed and continues to overshadow our relations with our neighbors and peers in continental Europe.

Words are often as much the masters as servants of thought. In strict objectivity, nobody can deny that the United States and the United Kingdom are both "powers" and by a heroic synecdoche they might just be regarded as Anglo-Saxon. But anyone accustomed to describe the two countries as "the Anglo-Saxon powers" must soon fall prey to the illusion that there is a substantial equivalence or even identity of interests and aspirations between the United States and the United Kingdom. For illusion it is. The U.S. and the U.K. are, happily for both parties, close allies and share a common democratic form of government; both countries play central roles in the NATO alliance and are linked by important cultural, historical, and economic ties. But the differences between the American situation and the British are unembarrassingly obvious. The United States is a global superpower, geographically and militarily invulnerable to even its most powerful potential adversary; the idea of the Soviet Union's invading North America in 1985 is only a little less absurd than the idea of North Vietnam's doing so in 1968. The United Kingdom is a middle-ranking power confronted on its doorstep with a hostile and ruthless superpower which in recent years has shown an ever increasing taste for military adventurism and today possesses as never before the means to gratify that appetite. The gross domestic product of the United States is some six times greater than that of the United Kingdom and its population four times as great. The United States is substantially self-sufficient, constituting on its own a continental economy and exporting less than ten percent of its GDP. Great Britain, on the other hand, is crucially dependent on its trade with the rest of the world and its domestic market is too small to permit those economies of scale essential for the indigenous development of, for instance, the all-important "new technologies." As West Germany, as Italy, as the rest of Western Europe, the United Kingdom is dependent on the generous protection of the United States; not even the most ardent apologist of the British independent nuclear deterrent could face with equanimity the future were the United States to withdraw its nuclear protection from the United Kingdom. The British and American governments do not have even remotely similar starting points for the establishment of policy. How can an intelligent man believe that they do? The answer to that question, as to many others concerning the unsatisfactory course of British development since 1945, lies in the events of the Second World War and, more especially, British perceptions of those events at the time and since.

Those who prophesy sometimes have their prophecies fulfilled in ways they could not have foreseen. A poignant example of this phenomenon is Churchill's prophecy that 1940 would be regarded as the "finest hour" of the British Empire. Not even Churchill could have foreseen how rapid would be the political, military, and economic decline of the British Empire after its exertions in the Second World War; this decline made all the more probable Churchill's implicit prophecy that the achievements of 1940 could never be repeated. More ironically, Churchill could not have predicted the debilitating extent to which the events and circumstances of the Second World War have come to be regarded by the British themselves since 1945 as the high watermark of their history, providing a criterion and frame of reference against which all postwar policy needed to be judged. Rhetoric invoking the spirit of Dunkirk is still heard on this side of the Atlantic, and the most unlikely among his successors have sought to mimic Churchillian attitudes and phrases.

Curiously, few thoughtful Britons are at their ease even today with the self-evident proposition that Britain's postwar decline was a necessary and irreversible consequence of her wartime

*"The E.E.C. Spectacle," by Patrick Cosgrave, *TAS*, September 1984.

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exertions. To accept that seems to many to diminish the glory of victory in 1945. There is a powerful, if often unstated, sentiment in British popular opinion which sees Britain's decline since the war as a reversal of the natural order of events; powerful nations should become more powerful in victory, not find themselves surpassed by the losers. The great majority of my fellow countrymen would not hesitate to qualify the consequences of the Second World War as "unfair": An Englishman's vocabulary has no more piercing cry of pain at the remorseless workings of the infernal machine. From 1939 to 1945 the world was a dangerous and demanding place, but in the last resort comprehensible to the man on the Clapham omnibus. The Allies were strong, righteous, and ultimately successful; power and morality converged in a peculiarly satisfying way and the British Empire was at the very point of this convergence. Nothing since has been remotely as reassuring; a retrospective glow surrounds all Britain's wartime policies and alliances. Much British policy since 1945 has been an attempt to re-create or even deny the disappearance of those Edenic days of childhood, at once so near and so remote.

In the historical nostalgia of the British, the United States plays a central role. Revisionist interpretations have made little difference to popular perceptions. Querulous academics may protest, but the Great British public *knows* that the Second World War was won by the heroic struggles of the English-speaking democracies, whose respective contributions to final victory were at least comparable and probably similar. The United States was perhaps the dominant partner by 1945, but its late entry into the war meant that it had a lot of ground to catch up. The United Kingdom and the United States had, together and in broadly equal partnership, defeated or rescued the countries of Western Europe. The Anglo-American alliance had proved itself uniquely capable of resolving, in the interests of democracy and freedom alike, the problems of the European mainland. There is of course little in this analysis that is factually incorrect. Like the best heresies it is merely an overemphasis of a part of the truth. The United Kingdom has paid dearly for this overemphasis.

The British victory in the Second World War was in most respects a Pyrrhic one. The resources of the British Empire were gloriously and fatally overextended. Britain finished the war uninvaded and on the winning side. These happy circumstances masked from us (and even now make it difficult for us to accept) that in 1945 our position was objectively much more nearly akin to that of humiliated France and even of defeated Germany than to that of triumphant and exalted America. Since 1945 we, like our neighbors the French, the Italians, and the Germans, have been essentially a middle-ranking industrialized nation of Western Europe, whose economic, political, and military interests differ little if at all from those of our continental neighbors. All of us depend upon the protection of the United States and it is historically anachronistic, an example of the arrested national emotional development of which I have already spoken, to believe that the events of forty years ago somehow set the United Kingdom apart from those other nations of Western Europe which individually are incapable of defending themselves from Soviet imperialism.

Among the most amiable characteristics of the American people are their generosity and loyalty to their friends. There is perhaps no political alliance in the world more firmly buttressed by ties of personal friendship and affection than that between the United States and the United Kingdom. But we British deceive ourselves if we imagine that our American friends could ever rationally maintain their current level of political and military commitment in Western Europe solely in order to protect the United Kingdom against the Soviet Union. The NATO alliance is not, and never can be, a mere continuation of the wartime Anglo-American coalition from which the Danes, the Belgians, and the other continental Europeans happen to benefit at the moment; American goodwill towards the United Kingdom has not spilt over in a fit of absentminded generosity to the less favored members of the school in which the United Kingdom is senior prefect, victor ludorum, and scholarship pupil all in one. The defense of democracy is a noble and crucial component in the United States' struggle against Soviet hegemonism; the defense of the United Kingdom alone, isolated in a hypothetically neutral or subjugated Europe, could never form a sensible basis for American global policy.

I have not until now mentioned the European Community and Britain's role in it. Persevering readers will, however, have discerned the drift of my argument. I believe the United Kingdom badly missed the European bus at the time of the Community's formation in 1957; many of Britain's present difficulties within the Community stem from the fact that we were not "present at the creation." A major reason for the errors of that time was the understandable inability of British politicians and opinion-formers to shake themselves free of the seductive images of the Second World War. It was psychologically extremely difficult for those whose formative personal and political experiences occurred between 1939 and 1945 to accept that their country's future destiny and real interests lay with their neighbors in Western Europe. After all, it was precisely those neighbors who had been defeated or humiliated in the war which the British had won with their American, their "Anglo-Saxon," allies. The appeals of European statesmen to the British for help (even directions) in forming the European Community went unheeded.

In later years British politicians would wish that they and their predecessors had been more prescient. But ten years after the war, many Britons would have regarded the idea of themselves as Europeans as a renunciation of their country's greatest historical success. Those who, on a cooler view of Britain's position, pointed out that the United Kingdom was geographically, culturally, and politically a part of Western Europe were seen as belittling the country's world role, as anti-American and desirous of submerging "the British identity" in Europe. Although the French have not become noticeably less French or the Germans less German since they joined the Community, lachrymose or strident promises to defend the British identity against the encroachments of the European Community are still sure of applause at British political gatherings. Most British electors, encouraged by ignorant and sycophantic political leaders, think of themselves as having

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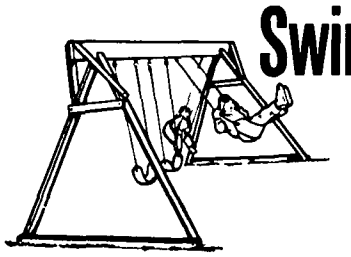

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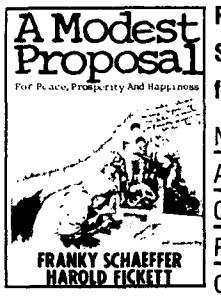

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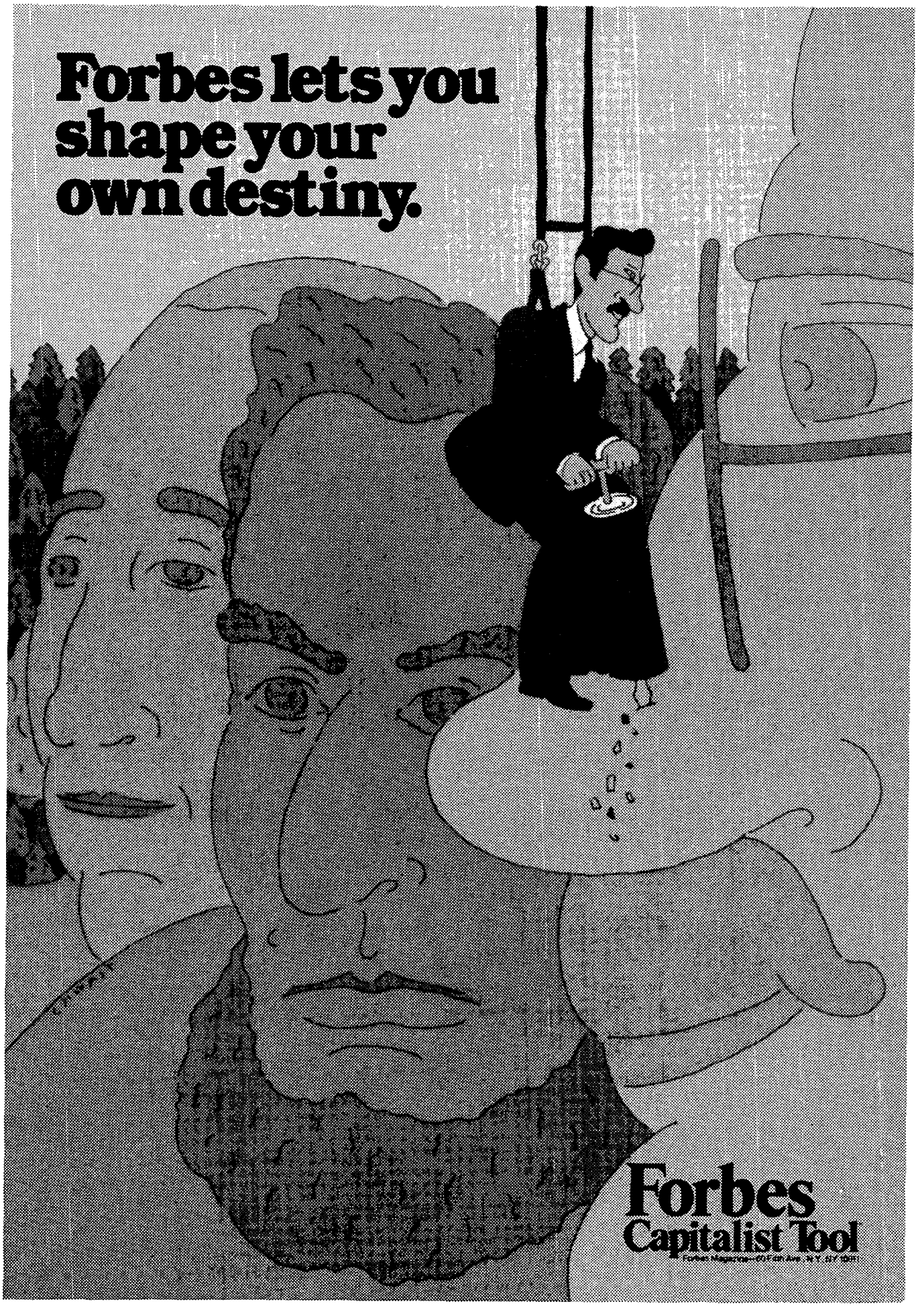
done the European Community a favor by joining it in 1973. They would be genuinely surprised to learn that other continental countries think of themselves as having extended the favor and are often unsure whether their generosity was well placed or not. The British attitude was piquantly illustrated by Mrs. Thatcher's response at last year's Brussels summit to the other European leaders who criticized Britain's lack of European commitment; illuminatingly, Mrs. Thatcher retorted that Britain had shown its commitment to Europe by saving it in 1940. Like the Bourbons, the British have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing.

Britain is a middle-ranking European power. To some who claim the name of patriots, this will seem a grudging and inadequate description; but to pretend that the world is other than it is does one's country no service. There is nothing inglorious about our place in the world; it is much more inglorious to persist in a dream world of childish self-delusion. The true patriot is one who faces up to reality and seeks accordingly to build his country's future on solid foundations. To do that requires foresight and moral courage, qualities not often present in recent British political life. "If what is, is; and if what will be, will be; why then should we wish to be deceived?" asked an English moralist. By our reluctance to come out of the closet and recognize our true European nature, we merely procure for ourselves and our friends intellectual and emotional confusion. The basic philosophy of the NATO alliance is summed up in the proposition that the front line of America's defense lies on the Rhine; if that is true, how much more so is the Rhine the front line of Britain's defense. It is senseless to ask whether the British or the Germans are more reliable allies of the United States; without the Germans, Britain is not a particularly attractive ally for anyone. If we British regard the Danes or the Belgians or the Germans as weak links in NATO, our pressing national interest lies in strengthening those supposedly weak links, not in public proclamations of our own reliability to our benevolent protector over the water.



Many of those who favored British entry into the European Community in 1973 believed it would provide a salutary exposure to bracing economic competition. The patient may have been weaker than anybody realized, and the economic benefits of our Community membership have probably been fewer than optimists hoped. Clearly we cannot know what would have happened had we remained outside the Community, and it is perverse to blame the Community for our own lack of competitiveness. More serious has been the failure of our membership in the Community to dent our naively insular and self-congratulatory view of ourselves. Britons still believe that the Europeans begin at Calais; sadly, many of our continental neighbors are beginning to think that Europe ends there as well. I believe that my country still has an immense amount to give its European and American partners; perhaps those who claim that the United Kingdom can play a unique intermediary role are not entirely wrong. In their own interest, however, and in the interest of their friends, the British must realize that a justified pride in and attachment to their past must not degenerate into an excuse for not looking to their future. The British cannot choose to be or not to be Europeans. They *are* Europeans. They must accept this fact and profit from it; the alternative is further narcissistic decline. *There is no middle way.* □

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IDOLS FOR DESTRUCTION

Herbert Schlossberg/Thomas Nelson/$14.95

Calder Willingham

"Does God intend to destroy America?" The fact that most educated Americans would consider the question silly suggests an answer to it, if one accepts the thesis of Herbert Schlossberg's study of idolatry in our society, *Idols for Destruction.* Don't make any long-term plans: The end is near, barring a drastic change of national direction.

What two assertions most agitate, alarm, and send into gibbering rage Establishment Opinion? First, that Utopia is impossible, because human nature is not perfectible; and second, that God is not dead, but those who have lost belief in God are spiritually dead and will be destroyed or will destroy themselves. Schlossberg is concerned with both assertions, primarily the second.

On matters of profound social change it is very difficult to have perspective. Perhaps a drastic change of national direction has already begun and is now occurring. Perhaps the road taken has no turning, no exit. Those who have observed the tendency of men to make a religion of belief (rational or otherwise) must find this book frightening, and more than sufficient to generate thoughts of the south island of New Zealand or the remote Canadian arctic. Such glum thoughts are, of course, a minor idolatry (a worship of one's own life)—and quite useless, anyhow, in a world of intercontinental missiles and lasers from space and diabolical biocides.

It is Herbert Schlossberg's thesis that men by their nature worship a "God" of some kind, and the quality (he would say authenticity; Schlossberg is a believing Christian) of the divinity brings either the celestial city or a winding sheet.

Leaving the doctrines of Christianity to the side, all human beings have an agglomeration of values, conscious and unconscious, by which they live—a range of attitude from enshrined, formal law to unexamined but strong assumption, without which social existence and daily life itself are inconceivable. Thus, says Schlossberg, "anyone with a hierarchy of values has placed *something* at its apex, and whatever that is is the god he serves."

And serves . . . and serves . . . and serves. This tendency of *Homo sapiens sapiens* to worship some kind of supranatural power might well be inherent, a genetically imprinted phenomenon, an enormously valuable survival mechanism of eons of evolution—or, to look at it in another light, the hand of God awakening to true life and consciousness His creation, an event which occurred on a cosmic scale only yesterday.

There is abundant evidence of prehistoric concern with the supranatural. Virtually all known societies have visions of the sacred and worship gods. Pretension to scientific or rational immunity to such practices is mocked by recent history. What else is Lenin's embalmed body but a sacred relic and what else is *Das Kapital* but a holy text? A pensive observer cannot miss the plain and apparent religious character of the Marxist-Leninist movement—or the perverted religious emotion and power of Hitler's Nazism, or the sacred nature of Mao's "thoughts" in the holy texts of the little red books.

Is our own liberal, humanist "intellectual" of today's America beyond this phenomenon? Are his views objective, detached, rational? Are his moral assumptions a product of reason based on scientific fact? Or are his views and assumptions essentially arbitrary in character and beyond proof of any kind? Schlossberg maintains that all moral overlooks are and must be based on unprovable assumptions and thereby are and must be of a religious nature. The liberal humanist merely has another religion, the sacred core of which is a worship of man himself.

The ghastly spectacle of the worship of man by man, the Luciferian syndrome, has brought death and slavery to hundreds of millions in the twentieth century. The fundamental truth of Schlossberg's vision is evident. The power of men to worship is a lever that can lift the world, or destroy it. The quality (or authenticity) of the God or gods that are worshiped determines *everything*—the quality of an individual life, the art of a culture or an era, the rise and fall of civilization itself.

Perhaps for that reason, in recognition of an inherent trait in mankind to worship *something,* the God of the ancient Hebrews made as his first and foremost commandment: "Thou shalt have none other gods but me."

Herbert Schlossberg's contention is that the dominant elite in America today (in the media, in academia, in politics, in the arts) does indeed serve "other gods," and that these gods are gods of demonstrable inferiority, gods which upon examination are seen to be empty idols. The implication is plain: If worship of these idols is not checked, America will destroy itself or will be destroyed.

That, of course, is the viewpoint and the message of the leaders of the "populist" religious movement of our day, a movement deeply loathed and mercilessly attacked by the dominant elite—and a movement looked upon askance even by many thoughtful so-called conservatives. Such conservatives might do well to think twice, ask themselves if snobbery plays a part in their judgment. Maybe Jimmy Swaggart is right!—or at least, more right than he's wrong.

In any event, *Idols for Destruction* is no naive fundamentalist exercise. Far from being an ingenuous tome of "good old-time religion," *Idols for Destruction* is a sophisticated, stringently reasoned, and sharply written work. Its intellectual bona fides are apparent at a glance, although the vision and methodology are unfashionably Judeo-Christian. Schlossberg, a teacher of history, is basically historical in his approach; historical in the sense of man's existence being a story, a narrative with a sequence of events that are related and meaningful, that do not occur in a blind void of chance but have an overriding import, consequence, and purpose. Since the Jews more than any other people invented narrative, saw life as a story with a beginning and an end, Schlossberg's approach is integrally and intrinsically Judeo-Christian.

Central to this work is the view that

Calder Willingham is the author of such novels as End As a Man *and* Eternal Fire *and has received screenplay credit on such movies as* Little Big Man *and* Paths of Glory.

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America (and by implication all of the West, including Solzhenitsyn's Russia) subsists today on the inertia of the forces that built the modern world—or, as he puts it, on the *residue* of the Judeo-Christian ethics that have been the basis for our civilization; a residue that is growing weaker, becoming a thinner and thinner rinse of moral attitude and assumption the sources of which are being forgotten.

Recently, I encountered a very pure instance of just such forgetfulness, which might briefly illustrate Schlossberg's point. A teacher of mathematics at a New Hampshire private school, a child of the 1960s and a self-avowed liberal humanist, declared vehemently to me that practically all the evil in the world came from religion, and that he himself was guided only by "pragmatism," by "reason," by his own "analysis" of good and evil. And furthermore, his moral outlook was his own and he owed "absolutely nothing to Moses and Jesus and those guys."

All of that was in response to an offhand comment that Western civilization is based on and derived from Judeo-Christian ethics and we sometimes forget that. "I never knew it," said the teacher. Of course the questions are obvious. Why welfare, then? Why care for the sick and needy? Why should the elderly and infirm not be killed? From where do our values, attitudes, and assumptions come?

The point is that a residue is a residue. Cut off from the renewing source, it must fade and weaken. And finally it must become distorted, perverted, warped. Already, the liberal humanist teacher can endorse the killing of millions of unborn children as a convenient form of birth control. How far is such grisly callousness and lack of respect for life from the end of all we have valued as civilization? If William Blake saw heaven in a wildflower, then surely it is possible to see hell in such a weed as this.

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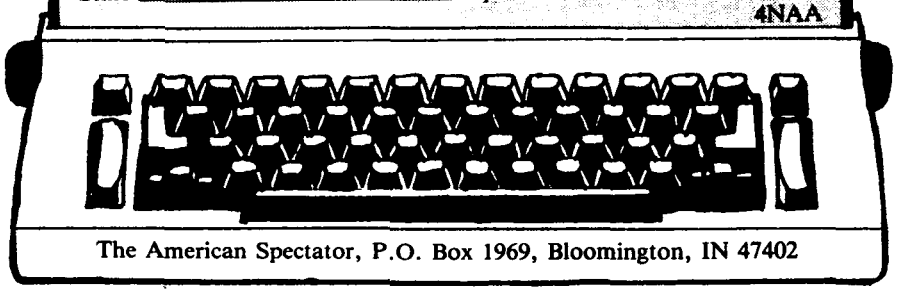

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Schlossberg cites and discusses six major idols of our day. It is the purpose of his labor to overthrow these idols, expose them for the false gods that they are. The author's violent, pitiless attack forms by far the greater portion of the work. *Idols for Destruction* is in fact a treasury of shattering put-downs of the sacred cows of our time—or more exactly, golden calves.

Schlossberg is relentless as a tide in his assault on the first of the golden calves: Idols of Power, i.e., the state. The notion, held today by so many innocent and trusting souls, that somehow the state (by the very nature of things; does not the state represent us all, the people?) is a benevolent force in our lives is given a thorough examination. Paul Johnson also recently has explored (in his masterly *Modern Times*) this lewd proposition. By the record, particularly that of the twentieth century, this idol is a false god indeed, about as false as gods get. The insensitivity of the state to human needs, its malignant blindness and indifference to human pain, its bumbling stupidity and power to wreak harm, its extreme and basic vulnerability to manipulation by power-crazed men, are scathingly exposed.

How can any sensible person trust this imbecile behemoth, much less bow down and kneel to it in supplication for an end to life's pain? One has often wondered in a weary puzzlement how and why so many well-meaning liberal friends and acquaintances simply *cannot see* this glaring danger. Our children are better protected (note current television hullabaloo about child-abuse) by turning them over to a social worker in an institution run by the state, after taking them away from their plainly inadequate mothers and fathers? The rewards of hard work are better designated and distributed by the state than by the free struggle of life itself? Intelligent people who would not accept other equally ludicrous and unlikely constructs accept these, because in some measure and degree the state is an idol to them. A religious coloration and power is involved, immune to reason. In a spiritual vacuum, idols spring up. Tragically for our age, the power of the state can go far beyond economic havoc and the destruction of the family. As this century attests, literally hundreds of millions have died in the jaws of this Moloch.

"One would have to search hard," writes Schlossberg, "to find a modern social theorist acknowledging that Hegel was right to say that the state is God marching on earth, but at every turn we stumble over those who advocate actions that can be logical inferences only from such a position."

Schlossberg offers little comfort and less flattery to most of those who call themselves or think of themselves as political "conservatives." Quoting George Will, "Real conservatism requires strong government," he then observes:

> Conservatives of practically all types . . . fall all over each other exalting the prerogatives of the idol state. That is why when they take power from avowed social democratic parties—as in Sweden, Britain and the United States—there are no fundamental changes. They go with the tide; an electorate that demands the property of other people will get it from their government no matter what the party in power calls itself.

If "conservatism," then, is no answer, and Ronald Reagan will merely slow and not stop the envy-maddened destruction of our economy and our society itself, what hope remains, to what power should we turn? Schlossberg would answer: to the power of God, to the teachings of radical Christianity, to the law of Moses, to the true values of our Judeo-Christian heritage. All other paths, and most of all the iron highway of the state, lead to slavery and the grave.

"And you will be like God, knowing good and evil," whispered the subtle serpent to Eve, who in Schlossberg's judgment was "the first humanist." *You will be like God.* The snake tempted her with a religious argument. She could be wise apart from God. And so of course can the earnest and sincere mathematics teacher in New Hampshire—"My own reason tells me what is right and wrong. I don't owe God one damn thing. Sorry about that, Jesus. Excuse me, Moses."

Such a frank claim to godlike wisdom is the routine ploy. As Schlossberg observes: "The idea of humanity as a deity is seldom avowed openly but rather is expressed by ascribing to man attributes of God: sovereignty (or autonomy), complete rationality, and moral perfection."

In regard to Idols of Humanity, it is curious Schlossberg has so little to say about Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who surely was the smithy who did most to forge this particular precious metal into an enduring effigy. The philosophy of humanism is squarely based on the fundamental pronouncement of Rousseau that man is naturally good and it is by our institutions alone that men become wicked. Here is the flattering self-image of the Idol of Humanity, so luring, so comforting, so wrong. If man is "naturally good," progress is unnecessary and stasis is desirable, growth is irrelevant and impossible, and God is superfluous—man is himself a god.

Unfortunately, man does not even make a second-rate god, but a third-

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rate god capable only of creating a hell on earth. The millions of this horrifying century who have died and suffered at the hands of utopianist totalitarians attest to that reality. Marx, Lenin, Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, Mao, Khrushchev, Brezhnev, Castro, Ho Chi Minh, and Pol Pot were all philosophical humanists; all were anti-God, and all served to one degree or another as objects of worship.

However, Schlossberg is brilliantly effective in his long and detailed examination of Idols of Humanity. An example is his usage of the concept of *ressentiment*, which both Nietzsche and Max Scheler took from the French—no word in either German or English is an equivalent; "resentment" is too weak to convey the intended meaning. "*Ressentiment*," writes Schlossberg, "begins with perceived injury that may have a basis in fact, but more often is occasioned by envy for the possessions or the qualities possessed by another person." If nothing is done about it, no action taken, then "the result is a persistent mental condition, stemming from the repression of emotions that are not acceptable when openly expressed. The result is hatred and the impulse to spite. . . . "

Thus the afflicted person hates others because he suspects or knows they have qualities he both admires and believes he himself does not have. A kind of corrosive spiritual envy is involved, deeply secret. Far more often than not, the practicer of *ressentiment* attacks the object of his hatred obliquely—he praises the nobility and laments the suffering of the poor, in order to strike at his hated (and secretly admired) target, the rich. Such a character, to be sure, does not care a flip about the poor; the poor are incidental to his aims.

Much contemporary political discourse can of course be seen as simple *ressentiment*. Many of our leading political figures could hardly find anything to say (beyond promises of paradise), if *ressentiment* were taken away from them. There is nothing new in it. This malignant and civilization-wrecking force was recognized and warned against long ago: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, or anything that is thy neighbor's"—which includes qualities of mind and character, gifts and faculties, as well as mere material possessions.

Schlossberg further analyzes and documents the sheer irrationality and impossibility of a "planned" economy—the idols of Mammon—clung to with such fervor in the face of universal failure. Austrian economics; the symbiotic relationship of the free democratic market to political and personal liberty; the keystone of private property opposed to political control and serfdom; the insanity of phony paper money backed by the most insubstantial thing in the world (i.e., a politician's promise)—these are matters with which Schlossberg is very familiar. The overriding fact, plain as a tiger's teeth, is that no economy can be planned, only people can be planned—and that requires coercion.

One must wonder why those who cling to the socialist dream refuse to abandon it, even though it has failed all over the world and brought nothing but oppression, poverty, inequality, and misery to those who have tried it, in a direct relationship to the degree of the effort. Why? Why such stubborn madness, blind to all evidence and reason? Schlossberg's answer, again, is that the dream is a religious dream.

Seen in such a light, socialism is a spiritual disease. Its victim-followers, afflicted with a virulent *ressentiment* of which they are unaware and misled by a profound perversion of Christian doctrine, attempt to play God by bringing upon the earth an impossible paradise, which would rule out all pain and with it all hope of spiritual growth. Pain, from which we all shrink, is an intrinsic part of life itself, as essential as the air we breathe and the water we drink. Life without pain is meaningless.

A real utopia would be as much a hell as existing dystopias. Only a termite hive is a utopia, and men are not insects.

Socialism assumes that man lives by bread alone, that material wealth is the only wealth, that envy is normative and inevitable. It is a viewpoint to be expected from those prostrate at the feet of Mammon. Schlossberg writes: "Envy cannot be assuaged [once it is aroused, inspired, encouraged as a matter of policy and philosophy] any more than cancer can be; they are both pathologies whose very being requires expansion to their neighbors' territory. There is no fence that will ever be respected, no limitation that will be recognized as legitimate, no sense of proportion or humility sufficient to smother a sense of inferiority. By its nature, envy is expansive regardless of the realities it encounters."

One hears much of human "rights" and human "needs" in our day. Schlossberg draws a distinction between legitimate and illegitimate human rights and needs. "The legitimacy of such desires may be judged in part by our ability to satisfy them. All true needs—such as food, drink, and companionship—are satiable. Illegitimate wants—pride, envy, greed—are insatiable. By their nature they cannot be satisfied. In that sense materialism is the opium of the people."

The Idol of History, erected by Hegel, Marx, Lenin and others, asks us to perceive in history laws that govern history itself, a perception which is, however, able to predict nothing and is therefore worthless. It is an oft-repeated fact that none of the major predictions of Marx or Lenin have come to pass. And yet the assumption of "historical necessity" remains alive and well in our day. The percentage of the gross national product seized by the state "must" continue to rise, the huge bureaucracy of the "welfare" state "must" grow, the clock "cannot be turned back." But outside of a divine narrative, Schlossberg maintains, there *is* no discernible or predictable pattern of history. The Idol of History is a false god used to justify horrendous social

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engineering, which in turn is inspired by and based on other false gods.

The Idol of Nature is also trampled cruelly by Schlossberg. Woe to the Sierra Club! Those who find cosmic meaning in the survival of the snail darter and who glow inwardly at TV documentaries lovingly showing a snake swallowing some small animal ("It is the balance of nature!") will not relish what Schlossberg has to say about the Naturism rampant in our world today, especially among the well-to-do and educated elite.

The pantheistic feast of "Earth Day" has been noted by many observers and commented upon in alarm, notably by Robert Nisbet, as the product of a social movement dangerous to the health of this nation if not to that of chipmunks. Schlossberg sees contemporary "environmentalism" as a throwback to barbaric Animism, as a sickness of the soul, an illness occurring in the spiritual vacuum of our day.

A real love of nature, true sight of the beauty and wonder of trees and mountains, meadow and stream, is lost in such a fever. Such idolatry, says Schlossberg, is properly understood as a "substitute of what is created for the creator. People may worship nature, money, mankind, power, history, or social and political systems instead of the God who created them all."

With an unerring scalpel, Schlossberg cuts to the heart of this atavistic and absurd phenomenon:

> If pantheism becomes as influential in the West as some observers expect [see Robert Nisbet's *Prejudices*], the effects are likely to be baneful. Troeltsch, observing its impact on German Protestantism, concluded that its propensity to mysticism had the effect of destroying community and fellowship; communing with the "vasty deep" within oneself makes ethics and concrete forms of social life superfluous. . . . Pantheism . . . does not place high value on community or on economic life, or on anything that seeks to assuage desires. It finds its rewards, rather, in quietism, in surrender and union with the all-pervasive divinity that permeates nature. As Chesterton said, the worshipers of such a divinity have populated Asia for centuries "and have never dethroned a tyrant." Introspection, self-isolation, and indifference derive naturally from such a theological position.

Another word for it is narcissism. Instead of finding heaven in a wildflower or hell in a noxious weed, one finds both in the whorls of one's own navel.

Finally, Schlossberg makes an even harsher judgment on Idols of Religion. It is doubtful that either the Catholic Bishops or members of the National Council of Churches will want to read this book. The author's charge is that a very large part of the organized body of religion today (he is speaking of the Christian faith, primarily) has lost sight of fundamental values and truths, in an effort to accommodate to the times. How far that effort has gone can be seen not only in organized religion's cowardly acceptance of secular nihilism and amorality in our own land, but in the appalling and incredible support given by the organized church *in the name of religion* to totalitarian movements and nations frankly intent not only on the destruction of the church but of this nation itself. What can one say of such moral squalor and dismal confusion?

One thing might be said: Leaders of the organized church who so act "in the name of religion" are morally no better than those nightmare figures of the past (the Inquisition, et al.) so often cited by the liberal humanist as proof of the iniquity of religion. Seldom cited is the vast heroism of believers in God who stood virtually alone against Hitler, Stalin, and other destroying monsters of this century. From where did Solzhenitsyn, Grigorenko, and many other known and unknown heroes of our time find the courage and the strength to stand against over-

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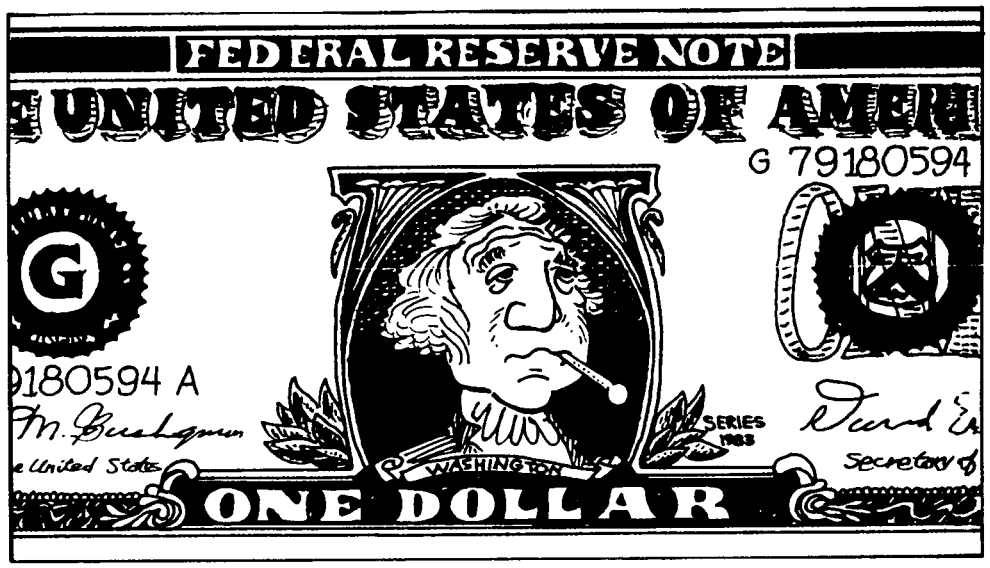

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What does inflation feed on? Greed, envy, laziness, resentment—all the same things which made us ask government to protect *this* industry, support *that* group, subsidize *those* people even while we as taxpayers were reluctant to foot the bill for all this generosity. Who then could be surprised when the government ran up larger and larger deficits and inflated to make ends meet?

The cure is simple—we must stop expecting something for nothing. Beating inflation requires asking no more from government than we as taxpayers are willing to pay for. Only then will the doctor's medicine work.

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whelming force and win spiritual victories that will be remembered when we ourselves are long gone to dust? Not from the teachings of liberal humanism, that is for sure.

This somewhat arbitrary and incomplete prolegomenon of a complex and thoughtful work can hardly do justice to that work or reveal the full range of perception and insight within it. More importantly, neither can it convey the underlying passion, devotion, and conviction of that work.

Idols for Destruction can be read on two levels, in two differing frames of mind. It can be read as a study of recent history, as a philosophical reflection on our times, as an informed and reasoned and scholarly speculation on our fate. From this standpoint, one must conclude that societies without a viable concept of God are unstable and will decay and self-destruct. In other words, if God is dead then so are we, sooner or later and probably sooner. So much for the intellect.

The impact of a great work of literature—such as, for example, *The Brothers Karamazov*—goes in an emotional, spiritual way far beyond such a work as this. However, the analysis and reflection of *Idols for Destruction* can make a powerful impression on the mind prepared by experience and by great literature, an impression essentially religious in character.

Can the marvels of science and the wonders of enterprise save an adulterous nation from destruction? Schlossberg would say no, science and enterprise are merely tools. The use made of the tools is the all-important issue, and that is determined by forces above and beyond the tools themselves.

One thing we know from history: Our lives, our fate, our agony are only a grain in the sands of time. What is the true state of this nation, which must be regarded as the main bulwark against totalitarian barbarism? What uses are we making of our power?

These are sobering but penultimate questions. As social pathology abounds on all sides, as more and more citizens demand a living at someone else's expense, as we cover our ears and hide our eyes at mortal danger, as we occupy ourselves with games and sink in a trough of materialist slop, as our art becomes mindless doodling and our literature spiritual vomit, as husbands abandon wives and mothers abandon children, as serial murderers tear off the nipples of young girls and lawyers and psychiatrists free them to walk the streets and kill again, one is bound to ask the question:

"Does God intend to destroy America?" □

GETTING TO KNOW THE GENERAL: THE STORY OF AN INVOLVEMENT

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Mark Falcoff

In 1976 the English novelist Graham Greene was awakened in his flat in Antibes by a mysterious phone call inviting him to visit Panama as the guest of a man he had never met—Omar Torrijos, then its president and generalissimo. Greene accepted the offer, and a few days later flew out from Amsterdam on a first-class ticket provided by his host. In time the two men met and became friends, even intimates. Greene returned for several more visits, always at the expense of his host, on one trip expanding his itinerary to include revolutionary Nicaragua. Then, in 1981—his bags packed for yet another visit—he received a new phone call, this time informing him that Torrijos had died in a plane crash. Things would never be the same again, and Greene has not returned to Panama.

So what? you ask. So—this little volume, a chocolate éclair of a book, really, which affords its readers some notion of what Panama must look like when viewed from the suites of luxury hotels, the cabins of military planes appropriate to officers of flag rank, or the hushed tranquillity of a presidential villa. The voice is that of one of the world's greatest novelists, but the words—to our acute embarrassment—approximate those of a sociology graduate student, a recently defrocked Maryknoll nun, or someone, at any rate, who cannot distinguish between fact and fiction, and what is worse, who does not even want to try.

There is, in the first place, the country: a narrow land bridge linking North and South America, site of a transoceanic canal built by the United States, point of reconnaissance for races and cultures, as well as since at least the eighteenth century for traders, smugglers, political exiles, conspirators, and criminals of every type. This is the stuff of novels, but in the present context the only thing which seems to interest Greene is the fact that at the time of his first visit, the Torrijos government was locked into some nettlesome negotiations with the United States over the return of the Canal, as well as a strip of territory (the "Zone") which the first Panamanian government in 1903 had ceded to the United States "as if it were sovereign."

Greene finds it intolerable that the American negotiators in 1976 should have sought to get the best possible deal for their own country, and odious that the final document contained some compromises on the Panamanian side. He heaps billow upon billow of undeserved scorn on those American liberals—President Carter, Secretary of State Vance, Archbishop McGrath—who took upon themselves the thankless task of selling the unpopular treaties to the Senate and the American people. And he overlooks the fact that most objective observers regarded the entire affair as a victory for the Panamanians; perhaps what bothers him is that, by some lights at least, it was not necessarily a defeat for the United States.

Indeed, throughout this book Panama is called upon to serve as the very negation of the United States—an unlikely mission for which its citizens do not feel particularly well equipped. Outside of Panama City and the circles around the president, as well as those districts abutting the Zone where the clash of cultures was predictably nasty and intense, Panamanians could be said in many respects to like and admire the United States and its people. This is what Greene discovered, in fact, when on one occasion he

Mark Falcoff is resident fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

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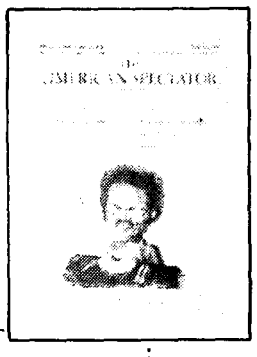

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detached himself from Torrijos's entourage and went exploring the interior on his own. He reports in utterly astounded tones of one peasant's good opinion of the Peace Corps, and indeed *gringos* in general; he is stricken by the presence along so many country roads of Walt Disney figures announcing the names of provincial hamlets. "Next time the students want to demonstrate against the States," he urged Torrijos, "can't you tell them to burn all those Donald Ducks?" Alas, he writes, "my suggestion was never taken up. They are still there."

Then there is Torrijos himself—about whom Greene writes in frankly adoring tones. He was particularly struck by the dictator's *eyes* (where have we heard this before?) "which sometimes expressed an almost maniac humor, an affection, an inscrutable inward thought, and more than all other moods, a sense of doom." Now, clearly, Torrijos was a fascinating figure, and from many points of view a very attractive one. Even though much of what opponents of the Canal treaties in the United States said about him (and his brother) were true, it is undeniable that he possessed a kind of raffish charm which Anglo-Saxons so heartily appreciate in foreign leaders (but cannot forbear in their own). Moreover, whatever his darker impulses, he firmly stuck to the bargain his negotiators eventually struck with the United States on the Canal.

But he was not a world-historic figure, or even the potential arbiter of Central America's destiny. He was not even quite the revolutionary figure in Panamanian politics which Greene makes him out to be. It is odd to hear him describe Torrijos as having ended the rule of the Arias family "and the oligarchy related to them, which lasted almost entirely to the benefit of the United States for half a century," when as recently as last year Arnulfo Arias almost won the presidential election. (Indeed, by some lights he may have actually won it, but was cheated of the fruits of victory by the self-same "oligarchs," whose presidential candidate, Nicolás Ardito Barletta, was certainly more to the taste of the United States.) And odd, too, because Arnulfo Arias, an unscrupulous demagogue but doubtless the most enduringly popular figure in Panamanian politics, owed much of his success precisely to his willingness to collaborate with any enemy of the United States—including Nazis, Nasserists, and, needless to say, Communists—[illegible]cording to the requirements of [illegible] fashion, and convenience. It [illegible]'s rule—not Panamanian [illegible]egan in 1968.

Admittedly, this was a political phenomenon of its own, although one may be permitted to doubt that "direct democracy" is really quite the way to label a system in which a dictator treats a country virtually as his own personal property and its citizens as one's well-beloved children; who appoints his own ministers and members of his legislative council, and is "constantly on the move, listening to complaints, taking with him the ministers concerned who had to reply to the people." It is certainly possible and perhaps desirable to recognize the deep cultural roots (and even historic necessity) of such a regime in certain places and times—say, fifteenth century England—without perverting the meaning of words. But Greene will not let us off that easily:

> In England, I think, more than ever before, we are prepared to recognize other forms of democracy, even under a military chief of state. . . . [Torrijos's system] might work well in Panama, a small country. It was closer to the democracy of the Athenian *agora* than the democracy of the House of Commons, and not for that reason to be despised. . . . It may even have been a step away from democracy [*sic*] when, after signing the [Canal] treaty, to please the United States, the General formed his own party to fight an old-style parliamentary election with old labels, Conservatives, Liberals, Socialists, and Communists.

These passages betray a political illiteracy one would not have imagined possible in the cultivated author of *The Power and the Glory*, *The Comedians*, even *The Honorary Consul*. Need we remind Greene that some of the leading democracies are small countries, including his own? The Athenian *agora* was open only to "qualified" citizens, effectively excluding most of the population. And the "system" which so enamored Greene in Panama was no system at all—simply one-man rule. It was changed not to please the United States, but because Torrijos himself understood that it could not possibly have survived his person. The choice was between its institutionalization in a political movement or its disappearance altogether.

When Greene makes his side trip to Nicaragua, one longs, truly, for the relative lucidity of his Panamanian perceptions. It is not merely that he accepts wholly and without the slightest reservation everything the Sandinista *comandantes* tell him, but that among their number he should select two of the most sinister—Interior Minister Tomás Borge and Defense Minister Humberto Ortega—to be his special friends; that he cannot imagine the defection of Edén Pastora or the opposition of Archbishop Miguel Obando y Bravo in anything other than terms of corruption or personal vanity; and that he should choose so easily to brush aside the abundant documentation on the mistreatment of the Miskito Indians produced by the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights in favor of private assurances from a single American nun who claimed to have visited the camps where they were forcibly relocated ("She found them well-housed and well-fed and better cared-for medically than they had ever been before"). As if to anticipate critics, he adds, "I have never hesitated to be 'used' in a cause I believed in, even if my choice might only be the lesser evil."

An interesting comment. But to what, precisely, is a Marxist dictatorship "the lesser evil"? To Somoza? That is at least an arguable proposition, however shaky; but I do not think it is the one being offered here. In another place Greene has frankly avowed that if the only choices open to him were a Gulag or Southern California, he would unhesitatingly opt to live in the former. This comment points to the special charm the Sandinistas hold for him. For as long as they rule Nicaragua, its people will never be allowed to wallow in what (for Greene) is the moral squalor of bourgeois democracy, much less a lifestyle of private consumption and private happiness. Only some future biographer will be able to tell us why a man who has lived so richly, so creatively, and so fully is so determined to foreclose—even now, in that bitterest of seasons, extreme old age—a tiny portion of his pleasures to others.

But the real *pièce de résistance* of this book is Greene's allegation that the United States government was somehow responsible for the plane crash in which Torrijos died. Now, he does not actually *say* this, but bringing to bear his still very considerable literary gifts, he fashions a marvelously complicated innuendo, which utilizes all the standard polemical tricks, including the initial refusal to believe what one has decided to conclude in advance.

Why would the United States want to kill Omar Torrijos? Greene's "explanation" suggests a blood feud over the Canal treaties between the general and the Reaganites who came to power in early 1981. But the only "evidence" he offers are two loose documents, one of them undated and unidentified as to source, which establish that Torrijos was not much beloved of the Republican right. This is hardly news, but grounds only for the charge of character assassination.

But he also suggests more broadly that Torrijos was somehow part of a regional movement for the "liberation" of Nicaragua and El Salvador, a movement which threatened to challenge the hegemony of the United States in the Caribbean area. This nicely ignores all of the reasons why Washington had come to appreciate Torrijos warmly at the time of his death. His hand-picked successor Aristides Royo steered Panama back towards more orthodox economic policies, and relations between that country and the United States by 1981 were "good—and getting better" (evidence given me by a senior Reagan Administration official). And why not? In spite of Torrijos's earlier support for the Sandinistas, by that time he was deeply disturbed by political developments in Managua. His initial offer to train the new Nicaraguan army had been turned aside, and in a fashion which deeply offended the proud and sensitive Panamanian *caudillo*. In his final months he was openly expressing concern about the evident Cuban and Soviet penetration of Central America. To admit all this, of course, would exile Torrijos from his honored place in Greene's "anti-imperialist" pantheon, so it is better to repeat the Soviet line on the subject, pass over the facts, make dark allusions to a (conveniently unpublished) Canadian investigator's report on the causes of the crash, and hope that readers and reviewers will reach the right (that is to say, the wrong) conclusions.

Several years ago Ralph McInerny suggested in these pages that Graham Greene's Catholic theology, which for many years was the principal undercurrent of his novels, had become politics, and worse than that, "the most predictable kind of anti-American gobbledygook."[1] Things have only worsened since then. Indeed, for Greene as for many left-wing intellectuals and para-intellectuals in Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, and sadly the United Kingdom, anti-Americanism has become the acceptable substitute for anti-Semitism. The real question is whether the United States has recovered sufficiently from its recent bout of self-hatred to resist the blandishment of the New York literati who tout this book and others like it. As for Greene himself, he has had a long and useful career as a writer. Everyone has to retire sometime. The South of France is a lovely place, and no one will mind, surely, if among the shuffling Tories at the quay, there is one florid gentleman who keeps repeating, to no one in particular, "Omar Torrijos was my friend, my very good friend . . . " □

[1] "The Wearing O' the Greene," *TAS*, February 1981.

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IN LOVE AND WAR: THE STORY OF A FAMILY'S ORDEAL AND SACRIFICE DURING THE VIETNAM YEARS

Jim and Sybil Stockdale/Harper & Row/$18.95

Harry G. Summers, Jr.

On the surface, Jim and Sybil Stockdale's *In Love and War* tells us little that we did not already know about the war in Vietnam. It appears to be a rather straightforward account of Vice Admiral (then Commander) James Stockdale's imprisonment in Hanoi from 1965 to 1973, together with an account of Sybil Stockdale's ordeal which led to the formation of the League of POW/MIA Families. Chapters describing Admiral Stockdale's experiences as a carrier pilot, his shoot-down, and the torture and mistreatment that followed are interspersed with Sybil Stockdale's account of her initial quiet grief, her growing frustration with government inaction, and her organizational efforts to bring attention and pressure to bear on the plight of American POWs.

While none of this is new, there are several aspects worthy of note. First is the matter of Admiral Stockdale's "revelations" about the Gulf of Tonkin incident. Commander Stockdale, flying off the carrier *Ticonderoga* in the South China Sea, was part of the Naval air response to North Vietnamese PT boat attacks on the destroyers *Maddox* and *Turner Joy* in the Gulf of Tonkin in August 1964. It was these attacks that led Congress to underwrite initial American combat involvement in Vietnam with its passage of the Southeast Asia (better known as the Tonkin Gulf) Resolution on August 7, 1964. Stockdale makes much of the fact that while the North Vietnamese attack on August 2, 1964 was real enough, the supposed attack on August 4 which led to the congressional resolution probably never occurred and was due only to misreadings by nervous and excited sonar and radar technicians. Stockdale emphasizes that those flying air cover never made any visual sightings of these phantom "attackers." Shot down just over a year later during a raid over North Vietnam, Stockdale throughout his imprisonment would be haunted by the Tonkin Gulf incident and his fear that the North Vietnamese would torture this information out of him.

It would have been useful had Stockdale accompanied this "exposé" with an explanation that such false signals are hardly unusual (or conspiratorial). For instance, British reports on the 1982 Falklands war reveal that the Royal Navy was constantly plagued by almost identical false reports of "Argentine torpedo runs." Such information not only places the Tonkin Gulf incident in much needed perspective, but would also have prevented some of the public reaction to this book which has pointed to these "new" revelations (materials actually reported at length fourteen years ago in Eugene G. Windchy's *Tonkin Gulf*) as evidence of deliberate duplicity.

As harrowing as it is, Stockdale's description of the terrible and inhumane treatment he received as a POW is also not new. Although it is always useful to be reminded of the barbarism of our Communist adversaries, the more comprehensive 1976 work by *Reader's Digest* (*P.O.W.*) or the even earlier 1974 account by Air Force Colonel Robinson Risner, *The Passing of the Night*, should have long ago alerted caring Americans to the tortures and indignities our brave countrymen suffered on their behalf.

It is also well to be reminded that some Vietnam scores have yet to be settled. The Stockdales condemn those still unnamed "Americans" who set out to harm their fellow citizens and who eagerly provided help and assistance to the North Vietnamese torturers. Admiral Stockdale describes instances when American North Vietnamese sympathizers would cross-check POW writings to alert Hanoi to hidden messages or attempts at evasion. When one POW, Navy pilot Nels Tanner, was tortured to reveal the names of his fellow pilots, he told his captors they included "Clark Kent" and "Ben Casey." Once his "confession" appeared in print, Stockdale writes, "American leftists wrote the North Vietnamese government exposing Nels," and Tanner was promptly put in irons. These traitors remain to be publicly identified and held up to the infamy, scorn, and disgrace they deserve. Sad to say, however, the Stockdales unwittingly undercut their own moral authority to condemn such actions. By revealing in great detail the heretofore secret methods by which Naval intelligence was able to pass messages in private letters between Stockdale and his wife, they have, according to the Pentagon, "compromised some of our best methods," which will make it more difficult to communicate with POWs in the future.

But the real value of *In Love and War* does not lie in this surface reading. It is only when Admiral Stockdale's chapters are read in combination with his wife's that the book illuminates a critical vulnerability in America's ability to use military force to achieve its political objectives. In their scientific and bloodless theories about the use of force in support of American foreign policy, academic experts too often overlook a fundamental constraint on the use of U.S. military power. In America one does not merely order nameless and faceless "military forces" into battle. America's soldiers, sailors, airmen, and Marines are not just elements of national power; they are also the sons and daughters, husbands and wives of our fellow citizens. Let an American be shot down, killed, or captured and television cameras and newspapers will carry his family's reactions around the world. As Sybil Stockdale makes patently obvious, POW families are a political factor that cannot be ignored.

By emphasizing this relationship between service members and their loved ones, *In Love and War* illuminates one of the peculiar difficulties the United States faces in conflicts with totalitarian adversaries. "It is especially in the conduct of their foreign relations that democracies appear decidedly inferior to other governments," Tocqueville wrote in 1840. He went on to say that "a democracy can only with great difficulty . . . persevere in a fixed design and work out its execution in spite of severe obstacles . . . or await their consequence with patience." Without meaning to do so, Jim and Sybil Stockdale have revalidated Tocqueville's observation.

These difficulties have been compounded in recent years by American national policy and the military strategy that supports it. Since the Korean War, American policy has stood for the "containment" rather than the "roll-back" of Communism. We have been committed to a strategic defensive as opposed to a strategic offensive military policy. With the strategic offensive (as in World War II) a war would be carried to the enemy to destroy his armies, seize his territory, and thus break his will to resist; the best that can possibly be obtained by the strategic defensive is to turn back the enemy's attack, frustrate his attempts to achieve his political goals by military means, and bring about a stalemate on the battlefield. With the strategic offensive, war can be ended by military means; with the strategic defensive, war can only be ended through extended diplomatic negotiations. We saw this happen in Korea where a battlefield stalemate in 1951 led to negotiations that ended with the 1953 armistice agreement. We saw this happen in Vietnam where again a battlefield stalemate led to the negotiations that resulted in the ill-fated Paris Accords of 1973.

In both cases our enemies, unable to overcome our physical military strength on the battlefield, used these diplomatic negotiations to exploit America's moral strength—our strong sense of the importance of the individual and the sanctity of human life. Because Communists are ideologically committed to the primacy of the group (in reality, the state) rather than the individual and because, as history all too tragically testifies, they routinely slaughter even their own citizens by the millions, there is created what Clausewitz called a lack of "polarity." "Polarity" exists where both sides focus on the same political objective. When the United States has the political ob-

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jective of securing the safe return of its POWs and the Communists cynically write off their own (cf. Solzhenitsyn's account of the terrible fate of Soviet POWs "liberated" from German imprisonment in World War II), an American vulnerability is created which gives the enemy an enormous negotiating advantage.

In both Korea and Vietnam (and more recently in Lebanon) American prisoners-of-war became important enemy bargaining chips. Sybil Stockdale takes exception to then Secretary of State Dean Rusk's 1967 observation that "captured Americans are not prisoners but hostages," but Rusk, who served as Assistant Secretary of State during the Korean War, knew what he was talking about. In both Korea and Vietnam American POWs were used by the Communists to influence American public opinion and to put pressure on the United States government. As was illustrated by the more recent brouhaha over the release of Lieutenant Robert Goodman, Jr., the Naval aviator shot down over Syrian-controlled Lebanese territory on December 4, 1983, concern over our POWs does indeed create "severe obstacles" to the conduct of American foreign relations.

Sybil Stockdale's account makes it abundantly clear that we cannot emulate our enemies and write our POWs off. Their relatives—and the American people—would never stand for it. While she emphasizes that she never intended capitulation on enemy terms, but wanted an "honorable policy" to secure her husband's return, others were perfectly willing to "sacrifice Saigon" to free the prisoners. The Stockdales rightly blast the State Department, and Averell Harriman in particular, for trying to appease Hanoi by keeping silent on North Vietnamese torture of POWs, but their outrage needs to be put in the context of the horns of the dilemma upon which American negotiators were impaled.

In Korea our negotiators had been taken off these horns by President Eisenhower's implied threat to use nuclear weapons to break the negotiating impasse. In Vietnam it was President Nixon's unexpected and unanticipated exercise of will in ordering—against the violent objection of the antiwar movement, the media, and much of Congress—the massive B-52 raids on the Hanoi area in December 1972. Writing of these bombings, Admiral Stockdale notes that "one look at any Vietnamese officer's face . . . told the whole story . . . the shock was there; our enemy's will was broken. I *knew* I was going to be home right away." At its most fundamental level, Clausewitz reminds us, "war is an act of force to compel our enemy to do our will." It is American will that transcends the "great difficulties" of which Tocqueville warned. As President Nixon said in 1972, "We have the power to destroy [North Vietnam's] warmaking capability. The only question is whether we have the *will* to use that power. What distinguishes me from [President] Johnson is that I have the *will* in spades." Admiral James Stockdale also had the will in spades. Drawing strength from his fellow prisoners-of-war, he would not allow even the worst his captors could do to break his patriotism or his spirit.

Thus, in a sense, *In Love and War* is a cautionary tale, reminding us both of America's vulnerabilities and of the true foundation of American security—the "patriotism, valor, fidelity and abilities" of the men and women who make up our defenses, and their families and fellow countrymen who support and sustain their will and determination even in the face of the most terrible adversities. □

THE ECONOMIC ILLUSION: FALSE CHOICES BETWEEN PROSPERITY AND SOCIAL JUSTICE

Robert Kuttner/Houghton Mifflin/$19.95

Stephen Chapman

The 1970s were not kind to liberal economics. Fiscal and monetary policies that once seemed to work perfectly well began producing a bewildering mix of inflation and anemic growth, while bold new programs to eradicate poverty reaped mostly disappointment. Practical failures ate away like termites at the intellectual foundation on which these policies were erected. In recent years, most of the influential new ideas in economics, both among scholars and in the political realm, have come from neoclassical perspectives, not left-wing ones—a dramatic change from the preceding half century. Faced with this unappealing state of affairs, Robert Kuttner fulminates not only against conservative economists, but against nearly the entire economic profession, which has committed the sin of reaching judgments he finds inconvenient. "Economic distribution is far too important to leave to economists," he says. "Most of mainstream economics and much of the newer discipline of public policy, wittingly or unwittingly, serve as handmaidens of deep political conservatism." But most of his criticisms suggest that Kuttner, wittingly or unwittingly, misunderstands what economists say. His challenge is less likely to recall David against Goliath than William Jennings Bryan against Darwin.

Kuttner, a journalist who edited the now-defunct *Working Papers* and is at present a contributing editor of the *New Republic*, has one main purpose: to challenge the belief of most economists that there is a trade-off between fostering economic growth and promoting egalitarian outcomes. Drawing on the experience of other Western nations, he argues that large governments can actually enhance economic health. Stronger unions and more ambitious social welfare programs, he believes, can also contribute to general prosperity. And he disputes the orthodox economic case for free trade. *The Economic Illusion* is nothing if not ambitious. Despite its resolute wrongheadedness, it is also crisply written and often cleverly argued.

Unfortunately, Kuttner isn't above the conventional kinds of distortion. He castigates Ronald Reagan for a tax program that was an "exceptionally good deal for the well-off" and—you guessed it—a gyp for the poor. Making this case forces Kuttner to hide the real source of this shifting of the tax burden, which was not Reagan's tax cut but the regressive Social Security tax increases enacted under his predecessor. This is particularly dishonest for an author who accuses Reagan of plotting to dismantle Social Security. He pretends that cuts in social programs are automatically harmful to the poor, even though the evidence of the last twenty years suggests this is true only in the narrowest sense. Kuttner also peddles the fatuous myth that the explosive economic growth of 1982-83 was a classic deficit-fueled, consumption-led, Keynesian recovery, when the truth is that it witnessed the largest increase in capital spending in postwar history. His book is also marred by maddeningly poor documentation. Time and again, Kuttner cites some unnamed study that supposedly supports his argument, and then—oops!—omits the reference from his textual notes. After a while, the reader gets suspicious.

In another instance, Kuttner offers a selective array of data to support his belief that large government sectors are perfectly compatible with thriving economies. His comparison of six Western countries (why only six?) reveals that between 1973 and 1981, "the three . . . with the best growth rates, Japan, Italy, and France, had the most rapid growth of public spending. Britain, with slow public-sector growth, was the worst performer. The United States had below-average public-sector growth, and about average economic growth." This is an odd test of the hypothesis that an excessively large government inhibits growth. It is not so much the rate of growth of government but its overall size that bears scrutiny. Despite the recent growth of government spending in Japan, its public sector is still well on the small side: In the 1970s, taxes took less than 11 percent of Japan's gross domestic product, about three-fifths of the level here, and its economy grew some 67 percent faster. Britain's government has grown slowly, but then it was bloated to begin with.

Kuttner gets the government/growth connection exactly backward. Economists know that as people grow richer, they generally demand more government services as a proportion of their income. Japan's government sector has grown because its economy has grown, not the other way around. Britain's has grown very little precisely because its economy has been too sickly to finance an expansion.

One of Kuttner's chief complaints with the Reagan tax program is its drastic reduction in the effective rates on corporate profits. He claims that other countries, such as West Germany, "have reconciled robust economic growth not just with high taxes, but with high taxes on capital." He notes that West German corporations "pay the preponderance" of social security taxes. Here he mistakenly assumes that, because corporations write the checks for these taxes, they also pay them in an economic sense. In fact, corporate income taxes, like the employers' share of social security taxes, are just as likely borne by workers or consumers as by stockholders. If taxes levied on capital are borne by someone else, there's no reason they should impede capital growth.

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Kuttner also evades some unpleasant facts about the economies of Western Europe that he admires so much, for instance their inability to create jobs. Their average unemployment rate in 1984 stood at 11 percent—higher than that of the U.S. in the worst months of the 1981-82 recession. One reason is undoubtedly that European social welfare programs make joblessness more attractive than it is here. Another is that Europe's powerful unions, by artificially holding up wages, limit the number of jobs available, unlike the more flexible American system. Kuttner claims that U.S. job creation came about only "because we were so successful at substituting labor for capital as women and young people poured into the work force and wage levels fell," as if this had no connection to unions or social welfare measures—and as if it were a bad thing.

Kuttner's chapter on international trade is the most iconoclastic. He derides the orthodox Ricardian model of comparative advantage as hopelessly disconnected from reality, insisting that free trade can actually impoverish a country, by creating "falling real wages and idle capacity." These conditions are likely to occur only in industries (such as autos and steel in the U.S.) whose wage levels are notoriously excessive, not in the economy as a whole, and they are likely to be temporary. And the rise of domestic "mini-mills" for steel production and cut-rate carriers in the airline business proves that the decisive pressure can be brought about by domestic competition as well as foreign. By Kuttner's logic, not only international but intra-national competition should be restricted.

He insists the choice is between an "idealized free trade" and "high, broadly distributed living standards," as if we could all get rich by shutting out imports and paying each other inflated prices for what we produce. One big problem he finds is that Third World workers can produce more than they can afford to buy. There is a problem of inadequate demand in the world economy, but it comes from the inflation and sluggish growth of the industrial economies in the past decade, which in turn are mainly the result of American monetary policy. Periods like this can produce transitory overcapacity, which is hell on profits as well as wages. But the remedy lies in renewed growth, not in protectionist policies aimed at preserving the established division of wealth. Kuttner minimizes the unpleasant fact that the higher prices fostered by protectionism would most hurt the have-nots.

Orthodox trade theory, Kuttner claims, refuses to confront evidence that discredits it. Exhibit A is Japan, where, he says, protectionism and central planning have produced miracles. But he greatly exaggerates the role of the fabled Ministry of International Trade and Industry and studiously ignores other factors in Japan's success—low taxes, stable monetary policies, exemption of most savings from taxation, the absence of laws barring banks from owning stock in companies, weak unions, an outstanding education system. "Free-market notions of optimality may have been transgressed, but the Hondas and Sonys and steel mills are superior products nonetheless," he chortles. Nowhere does Kuttner mention that in Sony's infancy, MITI blocked for two years its request to buy the right to make transistors, which would become the foundation of the company's success. Likewise, the government tried in vain to prevent the expansion of the auto industry, thinking the market saturated. Japan, like the U.S., departs in some respects from the laissez-faire ideal, but there is no reason to think those departures explain its success.

On social welfare measures, Kuttner argues that American programs tend to be miserly and badly run because they are aimed only at the poor, while

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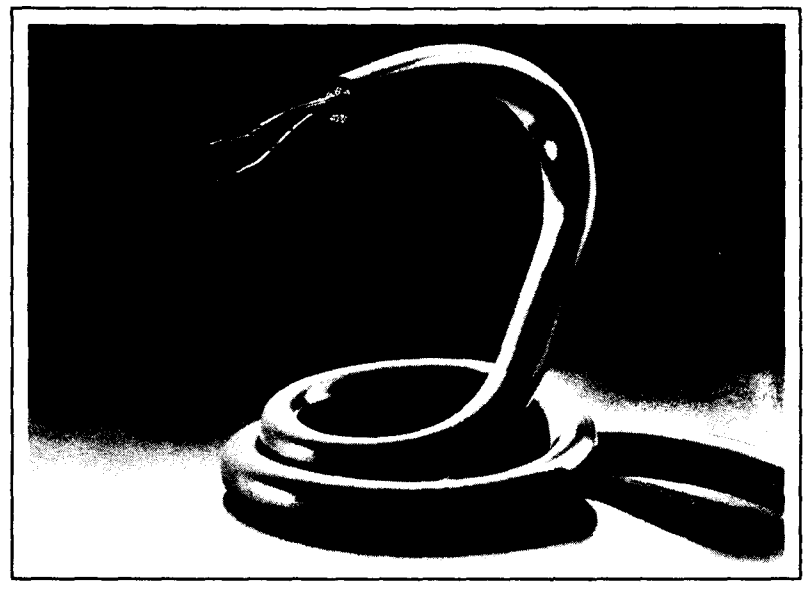

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Western European ones are more generous and efficient because they cover the middle classes. This is plausible in political terms—the more people involved, the greater the pressure on the government to provide decent service—though the American experience with the Postal Service argues against it. But Kuttner finds himself in an uncomfortable box. "As the welfare state becomes larger and more universal, it becomes less redistributive. . . . Beyond a certain point, it is not possible to have both universalism based on citizenship and also redistribution based on need." Surely this is the crucial problem for "radical democrats"—deciding whether universalism or redistribution is more important, or else finding a way to combine the two. This book does neither.

That is characteristic of Kuttner's approach. In the end, *The Economic Illusion* fails to persuade, burdened by its misrepresentation of evidence, prudent evasions, and preference for assertion over demonstration. Kuttner, having offered his brief for egalitarian economics, concedes that fostering a "politics of equality" is "a little harder." But he has shown how hard it will be for those on the left to construct a sound economic case. If Kuttner's book is any evidence, the illusions are still theirs. □

AN AMERICAN PROCESSION

Alfred Kazin/Alfred A. Knopf/$18.95

George Sim Johnston

We know that we should have stayed home, that Alfred Kazin's American procession is going to be a grim parade, a sort of anti-Fourth of July, a few pages into this endless book. Before the floats bearing Emerson and Hawthorne and Whitman pass by in due chronological order, there comes a banner, so to speak, in the form of two bleak quotations from T.S. Eliot. The prologue's title is "Old Man in a Dry Mouth," under which is an epigraph, "I will show you fear in a handful of dust." On that note, we are introduced to Henry Adams as an old man and Eliot himself as a young man. Not, mind you, the young Henry Adams, the brilliant writer, lecturer, and social figure, but the bitter octogenarian, whose favorite topic of conversation was "the total failure of the universe." And not the mellow, spiritually reconciled Eliot of later years, who rejected his early poses of disaffection, but the young nervous wreck who wrote *The Waste Land*. It would be difficult to find two drearier Grand Marshals for a parade. But these two desiccated figures, who projected their melancholy onto everything around them, set the tone for all that follows. For Kazin, solitude and desolation are the hallmarks of being a writer in America. Virtually every float in his parade is decorated with ash and cinders, with the subject furiously staring into space or grinding his heels on the national flag.

Some of our great writers have, of course, been what Melville called "isolatos." Melville, Poe, and Dickinson were not gregarious people. But Kazin, in this critical-biographical survey of great American writers, tries to skew as many of his subjects as he can into their company. He isolates and builds his discussion around the least happy epochs of a writer's life. Thus, we get Hawthorne in his dotage, Mark Twain after his bankruptcy, Melville when he was an obscure customs inspector, Eliot before his conversion and happy second marriage, and Adams after the suicide of his wife turned his mind to distilling wormwood and gall.

Each writer is depicted, implicitly or explicitly, as a victim of America's crass civilization. This involves considerable biographical distortions. Of Emerson, for example, Kazin writes that "his situation in rough, indifferent, hard-drinking Concord was one of isolation." This is palpable nonsense. "It was impossible to be more honored and cherished, far and near," Henry James wrote of Emerson, "than he was during his long residence in Concord." Concord was a hive of intellectual activity. Emerson's neighbors were the likes of Hawthorne, Thoreau, Bronson Alcott, and Ellery Channing, and their ranks were swelled by visitors from Boston like Margaret Fuller. So what if Concord also contained its share of hard-drinking and unlettered Yanks? It probably made the place more interesting for resident mandarins. Likewise, Kazin's portrait of Hawthorne passes over Hawthorne's happy marriage—perhaps the happiest of any major American writer—and the pleasant years that Hawthorne spent in his beloved "old Manse" in Concord. Kazin instead serves up the late, ailing Hawthorne during the Civil War, when his imagination had run dry and he had become disgusted with American politics.

When dealing with a genuine social deviant like Poe, Kazin blames his subject's mental disorders on American society. Poe would have been just fine, according to Kazin, if he had had the good luck to be born in Paris. But Poe's French counterparts—symbolist writers like Baudelaire and Rimbaud—were, if anything, even more neurotic. They shared with Poe the kind of literary temperament that is not happy anywhere outside of a vale of Kashmir or an opium den. If Poe had spent his life drinking absinthe in the sixth *arrondisement*, his desolation would have been no less acute. But Professor Kazin has one set of standards for judging Americans, and another for Europeans. He chides Henry James for his "total surprise" at the outbreak of World War I. But one is hard pressed to think of a single European writer—or statesman, for that matter—who was not similarly dumbfounded.

Kazin writes literary criticism the way Henry Steele Commager writes history—he is all gush and unction. There is no indication anywhere of a critical intelligence bearing down hard on the texts at hand. He has nothing of interest to say about Emerson, for example, whom he rightly regards as the spiritual progenitor of American letters. Kazin has the bad taste to bring in Karl Marx six times as a gloss on Emerson. Emerson, the supreme "individualist," would have detested Marx's ideas about class struggle, and the fact that certain of Marx's early romantic writings, lifted from their context, sound like Emerson signifies nothing. Kazin talks of Emerson's "genius for compression." No writer, except his friend Thomas Carlyle, could be windier. Kazin just gushes on, apparently pleased with Emerson's version of secular humanism. He is oblivious to the most glaring fault in Emerson's philosophy, which is a complete unconcern with the problem of evil. Emerson saw everything, even contemporary horrors like the Middle Passage, in a mellow light. It is inconceivable how he would have reacted to Dachau or the Gulag. "There were certain complications in life," Henry James noted dryly, "which he never suspected." Emerson possessed, in concentrated form, that American strain of innocence, that blindness to what most of mankind has experienced as History, which Europeans have always found so exasperating. Jimmy Carter is Emerson's degenerate posterity. When Carter enraged Helmut Schmidt by asking why the Germans simply couldn't get together and tear down the Berlin Wall, the pale ghost of Emerson was hovering nearby.

I don't mean to pick on Emerson, who was a luminous phrase-maker, but Kazin's avoidance of such a glaring issue is symptomatic of a political bias which informs the whole book. Kazin is an unreconstructed liberal in the debased sense of the word—he is a social democrat, really—and such liberals in their heart of hearts do not believe in radical evil. They apply the word "evil" only to political arrangements which they do not like. They think that if the right social levers are pulled, human affairs will cease to be difficult. This is why, parenthetically, so few great writers since Flaubert can be described as liberals in the current sense of the word, for a vision of the world which eliminates half the equation has a hard time translating itself into meaningful works of literature.

Kazin inserts sententious political squibs into the narrative at every turn. His favorite trick is to say that a writer would or would not have been outraged by a certain political development. This allows him to indict America for shortcomings which have nothing to do with the literary personalities being discussed. He writes, for example, that ". . . it would not have been in Adams's character or in his philosophy to worry over the two thousand prosecutions under Section 3 of the Espionage Act." In a footnote, Kazin then gives us all of Section 3 of the Espionage Act. On Stephen Crane: "He was never heard to protest America's maneuverings against Spain in the name of Cuban 'freedom.'" These are surely issues, but they belong in another book.

Apart from its slanted biographies and annoying political intrusions, *An American Procession* is filled with appalling errors of fact and judgment. The chapter on Henry James is particularly misleading. Kazin, who takes every shot he can at religion, declares that James had no respect for church religion. This is completely false. While James could not bring himself to believe in any church doctrine, he had a deep regard for organized religion, the more organized the better. He once told a Catholic woman that he envied her faith. He approved of the art and rituals of the Anglican and Roman

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churches and wrote excitedly, when he first visited Rome, of seeing the Pope. Kazin goes on to say that for the New York Edition of his works, James "rewrote his earlier novels in his elaborate later style." If anything, James's revisions made novels like *Portrait of a Lady* easier and more colloquial. Instead of "their multifarious colloquies," for example, he wrote, "their plunge . . . into the deeps of talk." A few paragraphs later, Kazin says that Eliot in 1916, the year of James's death, "admitted that James had been dead for some time." But Eliot wrote that in 1918, and he was referring to James's physical death, not his critical standing. And to say that James never allowed the "unconscious force of sex" to his heroines is nonsense. Professor Kazin should reread (or read for the first time) the descriptions of Mrs. Luna in *The Bostonians.*

The errors just pile up as the parade goes on. Kazin quotes Virginia Woolf as saying that 1908 was the year "human nature changed." Woolf said that about 1910. The distinction is not trivial, because she was referring to the tremendous impact that the first Post-Impressionist exhibit, which opened in London in December 1910, had on English sensibility. Kazin says that it was one of F. Scott Fitzgerald's boasts "never to be too tired for anything." But that was the boast of his friends Gerald and Sara Murphy who inspired *Tender Is the Night*, which is where Kazin got the quote. And, in the same paragraph, we are told that when Joseph Conrad visited the United States and was secluded on a Long Island estate, Fitzgerald, unable to see him, "humble as Gatsby, waited on the lawn for the merest sight of the great man." Very touching, very romantic. But what really happened, as attested by all of Fitzgerald's major biographers, is this: In May 1923, when Conrad was staying at the Doubleday estate, Fitzgerald and his friend Ring Lardner got roaring drunk and tried to get the great man's attention by performing a tap dance on the lawn outside his window; not only did they fail to get Conrad's attention, they were thrown off the grounds for drunken behavior.

But even when Kazin has got the story straight, the book suffers terribly from his manner of writing. Like Emerson, his basic unit of utterance is the sentence, and, again like Emerson, he has difficulty stringing his sentences together in a manner which will keep the reader turning the page. Many paragraphs become a series of non-sequiturs. The reader often has to backtrack to see what train of thought, if any, led to the sentence he is reading. The sentences themselves range from the ungrammatical ("Adams would be more interested in world conflict than in the social misery filling up realism from Chicago") to the platitudinous ("The unredeemed wasteland of the century began in 1914, that onset of all our woe") to the ridiculous ("*The Sound and the Fury* is certainly hot"). To be fair, a felicitous observation surfaces now and then in this sea of intellectual melted caramel. Of Thoreau he writes: "The altar was Nature, but Henry Thoreau's God was one of those faint radio signals that can still be detected from a stellar explosion that ceased millions of years ago." Kazin also has the gift of quotation. But such pleasures are few in the nearly four hundred pages of sentimentalism and distortion, and this reviewer could not wait for the fleet of street cleaners after the last float. □

JAMES BOSWELL: THE LATER YEARS, 1769-1795
Frank Brady/McGraw-Hill/$24.95

Stephen Miller

What does one make of a great writer who liked to perform on the London banquet circuit as an after dinner singer of doggerel? Or who once ended a day drunk in St. Paul's churchyard, singing ballads in the company of two women in red cloaks? Great writers, we tend to assume (probably mistakenly), are often difficult and eccentric human beings, but I wonder whether any other great writer has been so deficient in dignity as the drunkard and compulsive womanizer, James Boswell. In *James Boswell: The Later Years, 1769-1795,* Frank Brady speaks delicately of Boswell's "obvious infirmities," but it is easy to make a more blunt assessment: In many ways, Boswell was a first-class buffoon.

Buffoonery aside, Boswell is a difficult subject for the biographer because there was no development in his life; he was the same at fifty as he was at twenty, preoccupied with his moods and motives, saying the same things about himself over and over again. Even Samuel Johnson complained to him: "Of the exaltations and depressions of your mind you delight to talk, and I hate to hear." One does gets tired of hearing about Boswell's irresponsible behavior. He always complains about gonorrhea, yet he continually picks up prostitutes; he always protests his devotion to his wife, yet he continually leaves her to go off and have fun in London—doing so even when he knows she is at death's door; he continually brags about his ancient Scottish lineage, yet he never stops flattering the rich and politically powerful. Reading this biography you'll have no trouble understanding why his dour and difficult father had no use for him.

Brady spends too much time chronicling the ups and downs of Boswell's moods and too much time on Boswell's career as a lawyer. But he also never lets us forget that Boswell was liked by an extraordinary variety of distinguished men and women. At a fairly young age, Boswell was accepted into a club that included Samuel Johnson, David Garrick, Adam Smith, Richard Sheridan, Oliver Goldsmith, Edmund Burke, Edmond Malone, Joshua Reynolds, and Charles James Fox—to name only its most well-known members. These people did not suffer fools gladly.

Though he made his name in London, Boswell was one of a remarkable group of Scottish writers who made a name for themselves in the second half of the eighteenth century in Edinburgh, or, as it was often known, the Athens of the North. Boswell's influence was not that of Adam Smith or David Hume, but through his masterpiece—*The Life of Samuel Johnson*—he changed forever the course of biography.

Brady understands Boswell's genius very well. Boswell, he makes clear, was a man with intense curiosity about the social, political, and cultural world (he cared not a whit about the natural world). While not a deep thinker, he was a great listener who, as Brady says, "prized [his] ability to 'tune' himself to others. . . ." When he died, Edmond Malone—the century's greatest Shakespearean scholar who was also Boswell's close friend and collaborator on *Life of Johnson*—said, "I used to grumble sometimes at his turbulence; but now miss and regret his noise and his hilarity and his perpetual good humor, which had no bounds."

Brady also realizes that Boswell brought a discipline to his work that he could not bring to his life. Critics have argued, for example, that the rich supply of wonderful conversation with which Boswell lards *Life of Johnson* is mostly his own creation, or else there because he had the bad manners to scribble continuously in the company of others.

But Brady persuades us that Boswell was neither a liar nor a stenographer. What Boswell actually did was write condensed notes—a method, as Boswell himself said, that "brings to my mind all that passed, though it would be barren to anybody else." Boswell got the essence of what Johnson and others said, if not their exact words, Brady argues, and most of Johnson's contemporaries would agree with him. Joshua Reynolds, who was present at many of the conversational feasts that Boswell attended, said that "every word in [*Life of Johnson*] might be depended upon as if given upon oath." Also, by quoting from Boswell's correspondence with Malone, Brady shows us what a careful writer Boswell was—how he usually resisted Malone's attempts to make his prose more dignified and latinate.

In short, Boswell the writer was very

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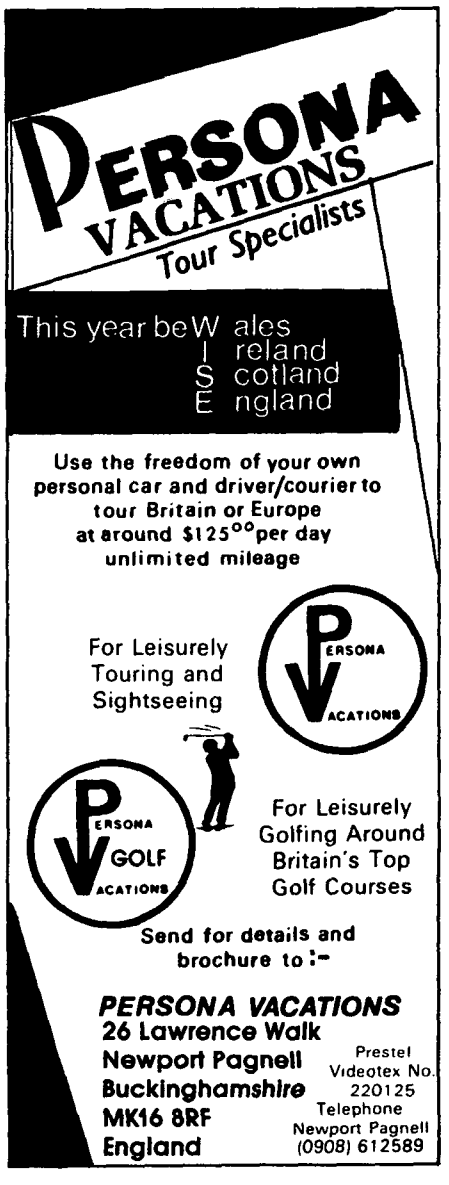

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different from Boswell the person. Most telling is the amount of forethought and calculation that went into Boswell's study of Johnson. *Life of Johnson* didn't pour out of Boswell as the natural result of his effusiveness; he had a very clear idea of the type of biography he wanted to write. It would be a Flemish portrait, providing details about his subject that most biographers would regard as inappropriate and unseemly. Yet at the same time it would be a heroic portrait, with Johnson as a modern hero who triumphed over poverty, disease, loneliness, melancholy, religious doubt, and fear of insanity to become the most important writer of his age.

Would Johnson approve of Boswell's having delved into the dark side of his character? Johnson himself had explored the dark side of Richard Savage in his brilliant biography of that minor Augustan poet who had been a close friend when he first came to London. Moreover, Johnson held the genre of biography in high esteem. "No species of writing," he said, "seems more worthy of cultivation. . . ." Why? Because reading about others helps us learn about ourselves—learn especially how to conduct ourselves, how to control our baser impulses.

How true that was of Boswell, who saw so much of himself in his subject. Unlike most of their friends, both were haunted by religious questions, especially the question of divine punishment. Both had overheated imaginations that drove them to morbid introspection; they continually had to wage war against a melancholia so powerful that at times it left them incapable of doing anything. In his immersion in the raw details of Johnson's life, Boswell examined not just Johnson but also himself.

"We are all prompted," Johnson said, "by the same motives, all deceived by the same fallacies, all animated by hope, obstructed by danger, entangled by desire, and seduced by pleasure." Biography is a mirror, not a peephole. It is supposed to edify us rather than titillate us, and that involves looking at "domestick privacies, and . . . the minute details of daily life," discussing the faults and failings of the subject.

Johnson, I think, would have approved of a Flemish portrait of his own life. And Johnson certainly would have acknowledged that by completing his extraordinary biography Boswell had to some degree triumphed over his obvious infirmities. □

A BOOK OF ONE'S OWN: PEOPLE AND THEIR DIARIES

Thomas Mallon/Ticknor & Fields/$15.95

George McCartney

What's the point of keeping a diary? Oscar Wilde knew. "One should always have something sensational to read in the train," he had Gwendolyn Fairfax declare in *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

Gwendolyn makes her brief appearance in Thomas Mallon's *A Book of One's Own: People and Their Diaries* for what her remark tells us of the diary's evolution. Mallon elaborates:

> Having been brought to life partly by the dour Puritans of the seventeenth century as a place in which the faithful might privately expiate their sins, the diary had become, by the late nineteenth century, more typically the place in which they could savor them. . . . By unburdening one's soul on paper, one could have one's sins and remember them, too. Confession was still good for the soul, but now it could be a positive delight to the eyes as well.

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"Pepys would have been pleased," Mallon adds, no doubt recalling some passages from the master diarist he has cited earlier, especially the one in which Pepys uses a bit of Spanish to cover his philandering tracks. "Yo did take her . . . sobra mi genu and did poner mi mano sub her jupes and toca su thigh." Sensational indeed.

Of course, diaries are kept for as many reasons as there are diarists, and Mallon's object is to take us on a tour, stopping to muse over this author and that, questioning motives and occasions in what he describes as his "ruminatingly undisciplined" way. The itinerary wanders but never flags. Mallon turns out to be that best of all tour guides; he brings us to the landmarks, great and small, says a few helpful words, and steps aside to let us look for ourselves. And what variety there is.

Anais Nin burbles about "this quest for the self" and the need to "alchemize events" and locks her innumerable volumes in a Brooklyn bank vault not only to secure them for the admirers she never doubts will swell posterity's ranks, but also and more importantly to immortalize herself. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Ellen Weeton, a very different sort of woman, turns to her diary for solace when her brutal husband dismisses her from his house and deprives her of her daughter. Writing a journal becomes her only way of addressing her girl from the impoverished, solitary existence into which she's been forced. But it doesn't keep her from making her peace with the God who "appears to have specially deprived me of all those things on which I could have set my affections. Thy will be done: I see Thy mercies and Thy Graciousness in this, and am thankful."

The hypochondriacal, phobic recluse, Arthur Crew Inman, writes ten million words, "fanatically" provides for their future stipulating they are to be published uncut, and then shoots himself to death in 1963. Besides his life, his 150 typed volumes include his interviews with the strangers he hired at seventy-five cents an hour to tell him their stories while he listened behind a black curtain. At the other end of the scale, weighing in with a sixty-three page effort, William Tayler, a London footman, decides to keep a diary for the year beginning January 1, 1837. He does so to improve his handwriting. Twelve months later to the day, he writes his final entry: "I have at last finished the task which I have been heartily sick of long agoe and I think it will be a long time before I begin another of the kind." But he's had enough time to give us a few telling glimpses of his betters. His Lady, it seems, is one who knows how to put on a good appearance for those who count. "When I took lunch away," Tayler records, not without irony one must suppose, "she was reading a novel with the Bible laying by her, ready to take up if any body came in."

Lord Byron thinks of his journal as a "relief." When he's weary, out it comes and "down goes everything; but I can't read it over," he confesses. "God knows what contradictions it may contain. If I am sincere with myself (but I fear one lies more to one's self than to anyone else), every page should confute, refute, and utterly abjure its predecessor." About deception, no one was more honest. If Byron lets his diary flow where it will, Stendhal can't let his alone, reading it over and over, annotating his entries and then annotating his annotations.

Some complain that keeping the damn thing is as irksome as it's futile, but they go on writing. Others can't wait to let go their daily screed. George Templeton Strong, a nineteenth-century New Yorker, remarks in his one evening, "I'll be hanged if I am not in a humor for shedding ink tonight—feel as if I could scribble, scribble, scribble to the extent of a quart bottle full." One wonders how many quarts he shed before he finished his life-time chronicle of four million words. Then there's Harold Nicolson, for whom keeping a diary was a routine to which he attached about as much emotion as brushing his teeth, or so he claimed.

As Mallon takes us through this amazing variety, he resists what has become the common temptation of academics in recent years. He doesn't try to bind it all together with some grand theory. He's not out to forge an aesthetic of diaries. But he does see one common feature in all his selections. "I don't believe one can write to oneself for many words more than get used in a note tacked to the refrigerator, saying 'Buy Bread.' Before another sentence is added it becomes a psychological impossibility; the words have to start going someplace." He cites Leon Edel's observation regarding Edmund Wilson, "After a while, you're always writing for a public," only to amend it. "A while is probably no more than a sentence. The idea that it can be longer than that is a diarist's convenient fiction, an illusion that may keep him writing, but which, in his deeper recesses, he knows is false."

Anyone who has ever kept a diary, however intermittent, however short-lived, knows Mallon is right. There is an essential ambivalence to the project. It begins as a private affair between you and your book conducted cosily out of sight and left behind in a locked drawer, yet how you long for an audience after a while! A discreet and sympathetic audience, to be sure, comprising those perceptive enough to take you at your own measure and honorable enough not to blab about those little quirks and failings you were brave and honest enough to share with them. Of course, even then there are limits. Stendhal, who kept his diary under lock, admitted at one point that he was writing for three or four like-minded friends only to add this warning to them a few paragraphs later: "Don't go any farther, you bastards." Mallon's selections are nothing if not telling.

To keep a diary is to conceal and reveal ourselves at once. The diary creates a private world in which we can let loose all those thoughts and feelings we ordinarily buckle-up when away from our secluded studies for fear of public collisions. But at the same time, by putting our shame, pride, anger, and doubt on paper, we risk being

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discovered. In fact, Mallon argues, we're "counting on it." In the many diaries he's read and the one he keeps himself, he finds there's always a "you" turning up, a person addressed. The diarist may not give conscious thought to it, but he cannot help but talk to someone else when he writes. Language is like that; it connects us to others whether we will it or not. Mallon has no idea who his "you" is, but he knows he or she is there. "Sometimes when I'm writing on the right-hand leaf of a notebook I catch sight of a spelling or grammatical mistake I made on the left one the night before, and I correct it. For 'you'?" This is just the kind of unforced observation that makes this book hum, especially when Mallon draws out its implications with conversational ease. He lets matters speak for themselves; he has no use for the kind of self-congratulatory exaggeration that mars so many literary studies today. "Your 'you' may be even less palpable than mine, but someday," he assures us, "like the one you love, he'll come along." It may be your great-great-granddaughter or the fellow who buys her house and then discovers your diary left behind in the garage, but "someone will be reading and you'll be talking. And if you're talking, it means you're alive."

The diarist may be squeamish about those pages on which he didn't spare himself, but he certainly craves an audience for those others from which his style suddenly and inexplicably has lifted his thought in effortless ascent to skim the treetops of his days, circling over a gaudy fact here, swooping to a delicious conclusion there, soaring once more to the sky's own view under which the rag-tag clutter of daily life comes wonderfully into focus if only for a moment, its patterns obvious, its problems as small and as manageable as the toy houses and toy cars left so far below. Writing, even the relatively shapeless writing of a diary, is a performance meant to display our mastery over the disparate facts of our existence. And what's a performance without an audience?

Mallon's favorite diarist understood this and made no secret about it. Suffering from disseminated sclerosis that would cut him off at thirty, Bruce Frederick Cummings, writing as W.N.P. Barbellion, published *The Journal of a Disappointed Man* just months before he died, determined to have his diary become his monument. But even before publication, he didn't hold back. When he invites a friend to dinner, he tells us that he will "with some show of deliberation select a volume to read to him, drawing it from its division with lavish punctiliousness, and inquiring with an oily voice, 'A little of 1912?' as if we were trying wines."

Diaries like vintage wines, meant to be shared—that's just what Mallon has done with a good deal of wit and even more understanding. □

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

NEHRU III

by Victor Anant

Karachi—After his first hundred days in power the odds now are heavily against these observations being taken in the proper spirit by Mr. Rajiv Gandhi and his advisers on U.S. policy, as they prepare to talk turkey with a second-term Reagan Administration. Neither his grandfather, Jawaharlal Nehru, nor his mother Indira, so tragically gunned down in her own front garden, could tolerate it when I asked them a well-intentioned, *simple* question.

To confound matters, paranoia is at a Himalayan high in India these days, with the bizarre disclosure of a "multinational corporation" of spies operating at the center. I understand that Mr. Gandhi has spun a "*Khadi* Curtain" (*khadi*, for those who don't wear it, is homespun Indian cotton) around him. And, within its confines, no one is reckoned to be a patriot who does not join in a daily ritual of dung-throwing.

I know how scary it can be. I've seen some hysterical "purges" initiated by Nehru and by Indira. To cap it all, I happen to be writing these notes from Pakistan, "the other side" of a turbulent subcontinent, an ally of the U.S and of China, India's *bête noire.* A necessary risk has not deterred me before. It would be a tragic betrayal if, by the end of this century, India became a conglomeration of banana republics, or an unabashed Soviet satellite, only because, once again, for lack of muscular thinking it remains under the tutelage of another waffling Nehru.

Neither Nehru nor Indira were enthroned with a show of such overwhelming goodwill, from India and around the world, as Rajiv. But it has been tacitly forgotten that, before her assassination, her Congress Party was in jitters, and dreaded facing the electorate. Her murder is charged with mythic density. It is almost as if she staged it for her son and heir, psychomanipulated his succession just as the martyrdom of Mahatma Gandhi endowed his heir, Nehru, with a second-hand saintliness. Hindus might proclaim the virtues of vegetarianism, but when it comes to ancestor-eating they're as cannibal as can be.

Since he was sworn in as prime minister, Mr. Gandhi's public utterances sound like a cracked record. He has been forthright about India's "traditional" friendship with and everlasting debt to the Soviet Union. He has been priggish about the U.S. and has made predictable noises about the CIA's involvement with the Sikh movement; he has given ominous threats about U.S. weapons being made available to Pakistan. He says he is going to put India in "the twenty-first century." (Grandpa made grandiloquent promises to take India out of the bullock-cart age, and we can all see where that has got the average sacred cow.) Indeed, India has yet to find itself in the twentieth century. Or can it hallucinate its way through history? When Rajiv says he will run a clean government, no one asks who made corruption a way of life. After all, before him was "the white goddess," and, before her, the incorruptible Caesar.

Rajiv has been repeating, like a Sanskrit *mantra,* his pledge to follow in the footsteps of the Nehrus. As a bit of calculated populism it's fine. But he has also begun to show a weakness for Declarations—like his grandfather's Declaration of *Panch-Sheela,* the Five Principles of Non-Alignment, or his mother's "One Asia." The recent Delhi Declaration to put an end to the nuclear arms race would have been all right coming from anywhere except India. Who will believe its pious rhetoric while India, as we all know, prides itself on its nuclear capability and membership in that same Nuclear Club?

Rajiv Gandhi was given one chance in a million (or should we say one chance on behalf of 700 million) to free India from the rhetoric of the past and face contemporary reality. Most Indians are like most Americans: They don't speak Russian or Albanian, they don't think in rubles, they don't want to work in Odessa or Azerbaijan, they prefer disco dancing to doing the *gopek,* and they like to vote their leaders into power.

Fortunately, Rajiv Gandhi is the first of the Nehrus who can actually earn a decent living if he is driven out of politics. He is, by all accounts, a qualified pilot, and with the requisite flying hours could even get a job in an international airline. This is more than a facetious observation: The curse of Indian politics, as with most former colonial nations, is that, with independence, politics became *an economic activity.* Which is as it should be.

But, in India, politics became the prerogative of a leisure class, a landed aristocracy. Indian politicians naively assumed that they were heirs to the politics of their colonial masters. But India simply does not have the economic wherewithal, the scale and reach, of an *industrial* imperial power. More than half the population lives below the poverty line. It can make MIGs and put men into space, but its agriculture is still at the mercy of nature, its housing is still city-sidewalks or cowdung-thatched huts, it still cannot talk to itself in one language. And it still has a Nehru at the top who thinks of India as a piece of inherited real estate.

It would be a shame if Rajiv Gandhi makes his first visit to the only country which understands India's potential, and can help India pull itself out of its mess, with all the inherited prejudices of the Nehrus. His grandfather came to tell the Americans what to do, not to learn from a nation which had freed itself from the same colonial values two centuries earlier. He came to preach, not to prosper. He came to plead, not to trade.

The question Rajiv Gandhi will have to answer is simple: Is he prepared to pilot his people safely into the future, or will he play Nehru all over again? □

Victor Anant has written for the London Spectator *and other publications.*

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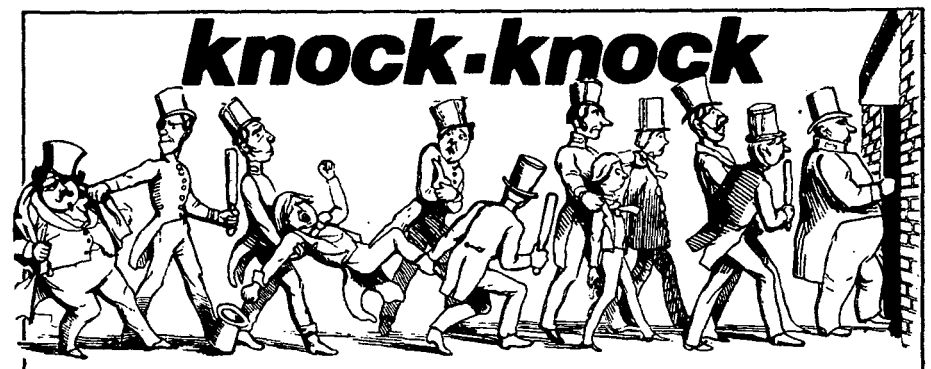

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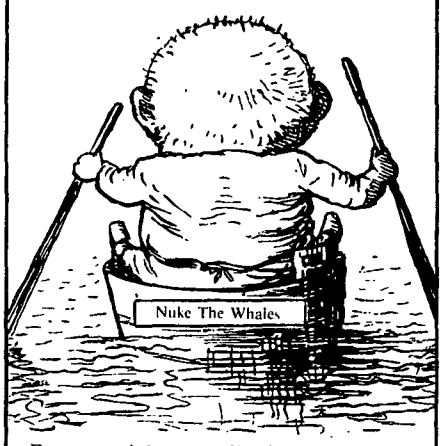

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CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 7)

Indeed, the very same accusations—that reform would debilitate civilian control, lead to meddling in the affairs of the "man on the spot," and add new layers of bureaucracy—were advanced with equal vigor against the development of central staffs in the Army and the Navy at the turn of the century, and against the creation of the Department of Defense in the late 1940s.

Mr. Cropsey begins by criticizing two of the examples I offer as problems in our defense establishment. In the second paragraph of his letter, he says that, in effect, joint Navy-Air Force operations over water are unnecessary, because the Navy can do the job all by itself. But aircraft carriers, valuable as they undoubtedly are, cannot cruise everywhere simultaneously, can sink, and do not possess the full range of capabilities that long-range, land-based bombers do. For the dismal story of what happened when the Navy and the Army Air Forces failed to cooperate in this matter I refer him to Samuel Eliot Morison's *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II,* volume one, pages 237-247, and specifically page 246: ". . . it is not to the credit of the two services that they wrestled over this problem of organization for eighteen of the most critical months of the war without reaching a solution. Their failure to do so, in the writer's opinion, was due more to conflicting personalities and service ambitions than to any inherent difficulty; and also to the fact that nobody under the President had the authority to impose an agreement."

As for Grenada, what will Mr. Cropsey have us do—refrain from criticizing mistakes in any military operation, because mishaps are endemic to warfare? The fact of the matter is that Grenada was a mere skirmish, but a revealing one. I continue to find it alarming (and so do senior officers I've spoken with) that during the course of it our Army could not communicate directly with our Air Force, and that a tiny island had to be divided in two so that the Navy and Marine Corps, on the one hand, and the Army and Air Force on the other, could fight virtually separate wars. The comparison of the bagging of 400 Cuban reservists plus the ragtag Grenadan militia with the crippling of the Imperial Japanese Navy in one of the largest sea battles in history seems to me problematic, at the very least.

Mr. Cropsey's reactions to two of the examples I have chosen as defense problems created by service parochialism (and I could have mentioned many others, particularly from the Vietnam war, but also the Iranian rescue fiasco) are instructive. In the first (Air Force-Navy cooperation) he says in effect, "The Navy can do it alone," and in the second he reacts by citing an almost wholly Navy victory—Midway. Mr. Cropsey's arguments reveal the kind of "servicism" (as Samuel P. Huntington has called it) that continues to bedevil efforts to provide a more coherent defense—which is not to say that the Navy has anything like a monopoly on such obstructionism.

Mr. Cropsey's claims to the contrary notwithstanding, the current system maximizes neither healthy civilian control (as opposed to micro-management) nor delegation of authority. Military staffs jealously keep war plans from civilian review, and seek to smooth over intra-military disputes by compromise or evasion before presenting them to civilian superiors. At the same time, operations (e.g., the retaliatory Naval air attack following the Beirut bombing, during which two airplanes were lost needlessly) suffer from excessive central control. As for "extra layers of bureaucracy," they already exist in the form of service secretariats, vestiges of pre-Department of Defense days which protect parochial interests and prestige and divert talented public servants from defense-wide responsibilities.

I fail to understand why, in Mr. Cropsey's view, a general staff of the kind Edward Luttwak has proposed (and which might very well include civilians) would bamboozle politicians any better than the politically-all-too-adroit staffs we have now. Is civilian control imperiled in Great Britain and Israel, both of which have much stronger central defense staffs and chiefs of defense staff than do we? Finally, I call Mr. Cropsey's attention to my criticism of the current administration for the laxness of its civilian control, not its excessiveness.

I am disappointed that Mr. Cropsey has focused on a minor part of my article, ignoring the larger dilemmas I discussed. These difficulties do not lie in the moral turpitude or inherent obtuseness of the officer corps—indeed, the disparagement of that officer corps by some "military reformers" strikes me as both baseless and irresponsible. Rather, our problems stem in part from the changing power configurations of world politics, and in part from institutional maladies. For these latter, we must seek institutional remedies.

In sum, it seems to me that Mr. Cropsey has released a school of red herrings and, I'm afraid, missed the point of my article. He doubtless considers his letter a critique of the solutions I proposed. I, alas, believe that it simply provides more evidence of the problems that I described. □

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CURRENT WISDOM

New York Times

In the ladies section of the illustrious *Times* Miss Barbara Ehrenreich parades the megalomaniacal intellections of a typical New Age wretch:

I cannot speak for other women, of course, but the one regret I have about my own abortions is that they cost money that might otherwise have been spent on something more pleasurable, like taking the kids to movies and theme parks. Yes, that is abortions, plural (two in my case)—a possibility that is not confined to the promiscuous, the disorderly or the ignorant. In fact, my credentials for dealing with the technology of contraception are first rate: I have a Ph.D. in biology that is now a bit obsolescent but still good for conjuring up vivid mental pictures of zygotes and ova, and I was actually paid, at one point in my life, to teach other women about the mysteries of reproductive biology.

[February 7, 1985]

Washington Post

Dr. Ellen Goodman speaks out on the popish threat to dismiss 24 nuns and 4 brothers for signing a pro-abortion ad in the *New York Times* and reveals once again the high intellectual standards into which American journalism has declined:

But there is in this controversy the implication that nuns and priests, like cowed employees, should say only what they are told as long as they receive support from the church. It is a curious portrait of nuns as people who were hired to serve rather than "called" to service. It's a portrait of the church as a corporation rather than a community, a club that one can belong to as long as one follows the rules, rather than a family with room for disagreement and feuding and belonging.

[December 28, 1984]

Minneapolis Star and Tribune

An editorialist at the renowned *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* focuses on the good news:

Lots of eyebrows rose when a murder victim turned up Monday in a pickup camper at the Minneapolis impound lot. The pickup was impounded a month ago. Everyone wanted to know how a body could go undiscovered for so long. But that's only half the issue. While the incident suggests a need for prompt inspection of vehicles, we think the lot employees and the tow-truck operator deserve applause for not finding the body sooner.

The tow-truck driver said he didn't look in the camper because he had no business back there. Impound-lot attendants didn't find the body because they, too, had no reason to look. Only when the truck was being prepared for sale did someone investigate the camper. In addition to the murder victim, he found a large amount of marijuana.

There was a time when the body would have been discovered almost immediately—by people poking around for valuables to appropriate. This macabre incident testifies to the honesty of people now working in the city's towing and impoundment process. That honesty is worth celebrating.

[January 25, 1985]

The Star-Ledger
(Newark, New Jersey)

Little Andrew C. Mills of Scotch Plains recollects some childish thoughts recently experienced during a ride with mom and dad . . . or is this idiot Mills *père*? In modern America the answers do not always come easily:

As my family and I were driving home from a weekend visit, we drove under an underpass on which were scrawled the words, "The Freeze is Communist." Half an hour later, we saw a huge flock of Canadian geese flying south in a gigantic U in the sky.

I thought, what if we don't freeze nuclear weapons, and what if we then don't reduce the nuclear arsenal of the world? If mankind blows itself up, what will become of the geese? —*Andrew C. Mills*
Scotch Plains

[December 18, 1984]

Mother Jones

Augustinian philosophizing from a truly astounding source, Mr. David Wakeling, whom dear old *MJ* defines as founder of the English Beat, "the most musically and politically inspired of Britain's punky-reggae Two-Tone bands":

MJ: Speaking of "Stand Down Margaret," how did you feel about the IRA assassination attempt on Thatcher?

DW: Very weird. Very weird. It brought out a mixture of emotions in you. On the morning that it happened, it was like—"Great! Really glad. Pity they missed the bastard!" And then by lunch time, you started to think, "Oh god, you know, it's a human being, isn't it?" And then the idea sinks in that you can hate the crime in somebody, but you must never dare to hate the person. I suppose that's a Buddhist idea, isn't it?

[February/March 1985]

The Progressive

Sad evidence that the cocaine menace has spread to our Nation's Capital, as seen in a dithyramb from the Hon. Richard Ottinger of New York's 20th district:

We are losing democracy very rapidly in the United States. We are becoming more and more like the Russians every day—a militaristic society, a society that fears and doesn't trust its people, that runs secret wars, that denies people information, that wants to give all the people who work for the Government lie-detector tests. And we have an economic elitism that is very much like Robin Hood-in-reverse—it steals from the poor and gives to the rich, and then it is supposed to trickle down so that everybody participates.

[January 1985]

The Herald
(Everett, Washington)

In the correspondence section of a great gazette, Mr. George Beykovsky apprises us of the hell he has gone through to put a smile on Mrs. Beykovsky's face in the '80s:

There is a saying in feminist circles that there will be no liberated men until women are liberated. As I started dealing with my issues with women (around 1973), I was very proud to help in the kitchen, babysit our kids, sympathize with their plight and supported my partner in her fight for liberation.

But I still felt isolated and not on the same team fighting for equal rights and against sexism. To me it was their (women's) battle. Women were on that side and I was on this side as the oppressor, the enemy.

After a long period of consciousness-raising battles, men's rap group participation, workshops on self esteem and working side by side with other believers in feminism, I began to change from helper to sharer, from supporter to activist, from sympathizer to believer and moved from the bleachers to center field.

Today, as a male, I still represent to many women someone on the other side, feel isolated from other men who are scornful and fearful of equality, but work on my homophobic issues shedding my (supposedly) male supremacy tendencies and all for a new good-feeling man of the '80s. Not dominance but respect and love equalizes power among men and women.

—*George Beykovsky*
Mukilteo

[January 3, 1985]

The Nation

Proof that Ronald W. Reagan is growing, learning, going through changes:

President Reagan's decision to adopt a more conciliatory policy in American-Soviet relations tacitly confirms what has long been clear: after a decade of growing influence, the vaunted "hard-line" approach to the Soviet Union has failed completely.

[December 15, 1984]

The Tribune
(Oakland, California)

A few self-effacing declarations from Miss Darrah Roy of San Jose, the perfect next door neighbor:

I have decided that soon after Christmas I must go to Nicaragua to help pick coffee. I am not going because I am a communist or because I want to help "export revolution." I am going because I believe that living in a democracy requires certain responsibilities.

I accept that responsibility and now must do whatever I can to mitigate the evil I have caused through my government.

I am afraid. I fear being shot. I fear failure. But I am going because I believe in my responsibility as a citizen the way I was taught in school; the way your children are still being taught. —*Darrah Roy*
San Jose

[December 30, 1984]

The Herald-Telephone
(Bloomington, Indiana)

High class intellections from the intellectual elites of the Yankee left transmitted to the heartland by the venerable *Herald-Telephone* of Bloomington:

"There is more diversity in three dailies in Managua than in the three main papers in New York," [Abbie] Hoffman said. Hoffman is a big hit with his tour group. "Even though Abbie is anarchic and jokes about everything, the trip has been very serious," said Arlene Krebs, a communications professor at New York University. "I love Abbie," said Liz Loebl, 62. "I think he is terrific. I think there should be more Abbie Hoffmans and fewer Ronald Reagans."

[January 8, 1985]

TV Guide

The grim accusations of the otherwise flirtatious Joyce Carol Oates:

More than one acquaintance of Hemingway's made the observation that, despite his several wives and liaisons, he seemed to dislike women, and since he rarely wrote of women with sympathy, and virtually never with subtlety and understanding, feminist charges of misogyny are surely justified. (Yet in the context of American literature, this is simply to accuse Hemingway of being a male writer.)

[December 8, 1984]

Washington Post

Profanities from a thug move the good-government crowd of Poland to dudgeon most eloquent:

I deeply resent R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.'s piece of Dec. 24 ["Poor, Brave Poland"] for its slanted statements and patronizing attitude.

His failure to notice the progress made in the 40 years after the war that left Poland in ruins and in need to start many things from scratch shows either Mr. Tyrrell's total ignorance of history and reality or his intentional distorting of the facts, or both. While the level of development may not be satisfactory yet, Poland has eradicated extreme poverty and illiteracy, has an educated and egalitarian society with free schooling and free social and medical services, cultural achievements known worldwide and farmers who lead a much more affluent and civilized life. Nobody is denied a permanent job; there are no homeless veterans dying in the street. Homelessness is a notion of the past, unlike in some rich countries. Also, no one is trying to enforce his own concept of "human rights" by bombing clinics.

As for the recent period, we have already surmounted the worst, while, of course, many problems remain to be solved. The patronizing "Poor, Brave Poland" syndrome reminds me of the condolences of our then Western allies similarly lamenting over our fate and leaving us alone to face the Nazi onslaught.—*Andrzej Dobrzynski*
First Secretary
Embassy of the Polish People's Republic
Washington

[January 12, 1985]

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